# The Centre Reporter.

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## THE CENTRE REPORTER.


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The Reading cigar makers are on a strike.

A Wolf threatens to go for a Beaver and there will be an interesting fight.

The first wheat of the season was offered on 'change at Baltimore on 16. It was grown in the Rappahannock region of Virginia, and sold for 80 cents per bushel.

The Fitz-John Porter bill has passed the Senate and has gone to the President who will no doubt sign it, and thus justice at last be done to an injured man.

The appointment of Miss Folsom to be Mistress of the White-house did not come under the civil service rules, though the lady proves very civil in her rulings.

It now seems to be the fashion among murderers to commit suicide after the perpetration of their crimes. By doing this much labor and money is saved throughout the country, as it does away with many expensive trials.

We are pleased to note that leading Democratic organs throughout the state are denouncing tricksters and corrupters of politics in the party, the same as the REPORTER is doing. No faithful editor will shirk his duty in this regard.

The President has notified several leaders in the House that he will not sign a single bill, even in the closing hours of Congress, without reading it. Hitherto some bad jobs have been rushed through in the last hours of Congress and Presidents have been unable to give them proper scrutiny. Any attempt to flood the President with bills in the present instance will prove futile.

The Republican state convention meets in Harrisburg, to-day, Wednesday and the ticket is pretty clearly foreshadowed. It will be Gen. Beaver for Governor; Senator Davies for Lieutenant Governor; Colonel Norris for Auditor General; Colonel Stewart for Secretary of Internal Affairs, and Colonel Osborne for Congressman-at-Large.

At Hagerstown, one day last week, Gen. Beaver missed connection with a railroad train. This is the third connection the General has missed in three weeks. We fear that when the "limited" starts in November the General will be so far behind that he won't even hear the whistle. Of course, he will be in time to take the boat for Salt river.

In Mifflin county three Democrats have announced themselves as candidates for congress, namely: Walter H. Parcels, Andrew Reed and F. M. Uttley.

In Union Mr. Baker has announced himself as a candidate for congress and in Clinton S. R. Peale. This leaves Elk and Clearfield to be heard from yet.

The greenback state convention is called by chairman Rynder to meet at Harrisburg, August 16. As the Democratic convention meets at the state capital the same day, the greenbackers have a good chance to hide their crowd. The entire greenback party of this state can be reached by a single letter, at an expense of 2 cents, by addressing P. T. Rynder, Milesburg, Pa., and one single bed is sufficient to furnish the the "party" a night's lodging.

The *Times* remarks: "The Prohibition issue has assumed colossal proportions and it is a two edged sword. The leaders don't want a declaration for submission of a Prohibition amendment to the Constitution, but a very large proportion of the Republican voters demand it. If the Convention shall commit the ticket to Constitutional Prohibition it will cost the candidates tens of thousands of votes; and if it refuses to declare for Prohibition Wolf will rend the party by his free Prohibition candidacy. This is the sort of cyclonic political year that postpones until after the votes are counted anything like a safe guess as to who may be elected.

### A COSTLY STRIKE ENDED.

The Pittsburg *Post*, of 26 says: An adjustment between the nailers employed in Pittsburg, and adjacent places, and the mill operators was reached yesterday, by which the men go to work at substantially the same rates offered them a year ago and refused. This stike has been one of the longest on record, lasting for thirteen months, and it was certainly one of the most costly considering the number of persons employed. There were 3,500 persons engaged in the strike, including 1,200 nailers who commanded very high wages. Estimating the wages of the strikers at the moderate figure of two dollars a day, we have $2,275,000 as the cost of this stike to the workingmen alone.

The Democratic county convention will meet in August. The next general election in this state will be an important one for the Democracy of the nation and state. To give prestige to the state nominees they must be able men and of unsullied character. Back of them must be the county organizations with strong tickets for local offices which will enlist the confidence of Democrats and bring out the party vote.

One bad name on the ticket will keep scores of voters from the polls, and every name on the ticket, be it of ever so good and capable a man, losses a vote. This is a plain truth which all know who have given politics the least attention. A little bad yeast will spoil all the loaves.

In Centre county it is especially important that we put the best and strongest men upon the ticket not only to save the party from defeat but to recover from the backset which the party received two years ago. Now there is no winking at this,—all know it is the naked truth, and that voters are not going to be trifled with. You Democrats who have your eye set on offices in the future, must work and see to it that the party is not overthrown and the county given over to the Republicans by a weak ticket now! A defeat now may leave you all out in the cold for years to come. If you look to the future, then wisely take care of the present.

The little margin of a majority left us in this county is the result of reckless, rash and restless fellows who will do any thing, stoop to any thing, say any thing and promise any thing to gain a point and then prove untrue to all they say and pledge. Men are so lost to honor and integrity, that they will prostitute all that is high, noble and good, in order to get an office, and do not care one iota if they do bring shame and discredit upon themselves and the Democracy.

Let truth and honor continue to be Democratic finger boards and those be shunned that point in any other direction.

The "cleverest fellow" is most always found to be the lowest demagogue who seeks to accomplish his purpose by honey-fuggling, false promises, trades and every species of vile trickery known to the knave in politics. All know this. Now, how many will set themselves against it?

The Democratic party has an abundance of good men that would give strength to the ticket. Can we afford, with all our professions for honesty, in such an important campaign as the pending one, to put men upon the ticket who will be proven guilty by the opposition of falsehood, trading, bargaining, vile slander, greed, low trickery, unfaithfulness to the party, and assisting to trade off and sell out the local organization to the Republicans, and whose evry action shows they are devoid of honor? No, Democrats, we can't afford to do it—we can not afford to further banter the independant voter and those Democrats who talk honesty and mean it and will only vote for honesty. Beware, then, Democrats, that you put none upon the ticket but men of clear record, and who are not lost to honor.

The Republicans are anxiously hoping that we will put up a vulnerable ticket. Don't blunder and open the way for them to the offices.

The day has gone by when men will vote for any "thing" that the party puts in nomination. There is a healthy feeling to use the ballot to enforce purity in nominations. The REPORTER has ever advocated honest politics. We know we have made enemies by it, but we have gained warm friends too—but whether we gain friends or enemies, be in the majority or minority, we shall advocate and practice honest politics, regardless of boycotts and threats. We always found enough of honest men in the Democratic party to stand by its faithful organs, but even if we found not one we should continue on all the same to plead for the integrity of the party and honesty in politics.

Honest men are hated by all demagogues who will use every species of falsehood and slander to destroy their influence. This was as true anciently as now—in the days of Socrates and Aristides as well as in our day. Aristides rebuked the demagogues of Athens by telling them, "When I discharged my office well and faithfully, I was insulted and abused; but now that I have allowed the public thieves in a variety of malpractices, I am considered an admirable patriot. I am more ashamed, therefore, of this present hour than of the former sentence; and I commisserate your condition with whom it is more praiseworthy to oblige ill men than to conserve the public."

Thus did the great Athenian stop the mouths of the demagogues who tried to soft-soap him with honeyed words.

### SEVEN MORE VETOES.

*The President Disapproves of Many Pensions.*

Washington, June 23.—The President to-day sent to the Senate seven messages, vetoing a like number of private pension bills which originated in the Senate. Senate bill 1,192 granting a pension to Alfred Denny, is vetoed on the ground that there is not a particle of merit in the claim, and no facts are presented which entitle it to charitable consideration.

Other bills were disapproved as follows:

That granting a pensian to Harriet Welch, widow of Syreannous Welch, who was killed by falling from a train, disapproved upon the ground that the claim was rejected by the Pension Bureau, because the accident causing his death was not the result of military service; that granting a pension to Robert Holzey, because the President believes that the Pension Bureau rightly denied the pension asked; that granting a pension to Marrilla Parsons, whose stepson, Daniel P. Parsons, enlisted in 1861 and died of consumption in 1864, for the reason that there are no facts stated in support of the claim that sickness was caused by exposure incident to the service; that granting a pension to Mary J. Nottage, widow of Thomas Nottage, disapproved on the same grounds; that granting a pension to Wm. H. Beck because of a "jar on the head from heavy firing," disapproved for the reason that six months after the "jar" he re-enlisted upon a medical certificate of soundness; that granting a dension to Jas. Butler, on the ground that the claimant was not injured in the line of duty. While on a furlough he fell into a cellar and fractured a leg, which is now shorter than the other.

When the vetoes were read in the Senate, Mr. Logan said he had never before known of such a construction as that a soldier on furlough was not in line of duty. Mr. Blair said the President seemed to find it a congenial duty to express himself in the most extraordinary terms respecting the two houses of Congress. He said that some of the President's statements were based on entire misapprehensions of the facts.

A number of prominent colored men of Harrisburg, who are dissatisfied and indignant over the treatment their race received when the Republican City Convention refused them representation in the State Convention, have held a private meeting and decided to bolt the party at once. No decision has been arrived at to what candidates will be supported and the vote may possibly be divided on the State ticket, as many of the conservative colored men will vote the Prohibition ticket if Charles S. Wolf is placed at the head of it. There was a strong disposition at the meeting to support Democratic candidates for city offices if the proper men are placed in the field. The colored leaders have opened up correspondence with the leading colored men in other cities and throughout the state. They appeal to race pride, to the moral sentiments of those whom they address, and, pointing out the energy which Mr. Wolf has always shown in their behalf, urge an organized diversion of the vote to him as the Prohibition candidate. This move is aided materially from another anexpected source. A very large part of the colored men are employed in hotels, restaurants and saloons as waiters. These men are appealed to to vote against Beaver, and the appeal is seconded in many instances by their employers, which adds materially to its force.

The wheat crop of Pennsylvania this year is estimated at 19,750,000 bushels by the State Board of Agriculture. It is a fact not generally appreciated that Pennsylvania raises nearly enough wheat to "bread" her people. The population of the state at this time is a little below 5,000,009; it was 4,282,000 in 1880. The per capita consumption of wheat is estimated at 4½ bushels. So that we come within 3,000,000 bushels of producing our own wheat supply. By the census of 1880 the wheat yield of the census year was put at 18,462,000. We rank as the tenth wheat producing State, Illinois leading with 51,000,000 bushels. In rye we lead all other states, and in buckwheat we ranked after New York. In oats we were the fourth state and in corn the tenth.

The probable acreage in the State this year is estimated by the Board of Agriculture at 1,100,000, acres each in corn and oats, and a hay yield of 3,000,000 tons.

Our county, Centre, seems to stand alone, among all the counties of the state, with a poor wheat crop. Some of our farmers will get less than they sowed. Occasionally a field is seen that has a fair showing, but the aggregate will not show a third crop.

Pennsylvania is not only the greatest manufacturing, coal and iron state, to say nothing of petroleum and natural gas, in the Union, but ranks high in its agricultural resources and products. Under the census of 1880 only Ohio, New York and Illinois led the Keystone state in the aggregate value of their farms, and the lead was not very great.

The Bellefonte *News* says one of the largest business transactions that ever took place is being consumated. This great transaction embraces the sale of all the vast iron furnaces and ore interests of the Messrs. Valentine. The purchasing party is the Lehigh Valley railroad company and others who are interested in a new company. Of course, the Messrs. Valentine will retain a large interest in the new firm. Included in the terms for the formation of a new campany will be the investment of about $200,000 in the erection of a new coke furnace and further developments of ore mines. The sum to be paid to those who own the property is stated to be about $400,000. The furnace in contemplation will furnish permanent employment to more than 200 men. It is probable that the new furnace will be built on the site now occupied by Valentine's charcoal furnaces a short distance south of town.

The Bellefonte and Buffalo Run railroad has now about five and one-half miles of track completed, and General Beaver the president of the company, enjoyed a ride over it the other day. The Collins Brothers, who were building it, will erect one or more furnaces for the purpose of working up the inexhaustable quantities of rich are, which will be opened to the world by the new line. Where these furnaces will be located is just now a subject of doubt. There is said to be a hitch in the arrangments to locate the furnaces on the fair ground and a sight may be selected near Milesburg.

Late Paris dispatches state that agents of the expelled princes openly avow that a movement is on foot for the restoration of the throne. Concealment is thrown aside, and the intention to overthrow the republic publicly acknowledged at the clubs and hotels, and in the streets and newspaper offices. The republican leaders seem inclined to force the issue and face the worst. M. De Freycinet is investigating the records of the high officers of the administration in all the principal departments of affairs, not only in Paris but in the provinces, with the view of purging the country of royalists and imperialists in all branches of the public service.

M. Clemenceau takes every opportunity of asserting that the Republicans recognize the fact that the Royalists are about to commence a struggle with the destruction of the republic in view, and are preparing accordingly. M. Clemenceau, whose responsibility for the act of expulsion is recognized in diplomatic circles, favors an aggressive attitude.

### BOYCOTTING A CRIME.

In Milwaukee, on 26, in the presence of a large audience, comprising many of the leading members of the local bar, Judge Sloan delivered an opinion on the motion to quash the indictment of Robert Schilling, State Organizer of the Knights of Labor, who is on trial on the charge of conspiracy and making threats in connection with boycotts. Judge Sloan practically held that boycotting is a crime punishable under the statutes. He ruled that since Schilling threatened to put the vast machinery of the Knights of Labor in operation to prevent the public from patronizing the firm boycotted he injured the firm's income, which was as much property as machinery or buildings, and that to attempt to dictate to them against their will whom to employ or discharge was a parallel offense. All organizations of the kind seeking to interfere with the business of manufacturers or others are not in accordance with law. Said the Judge; "Laborers or capitalists may organize for their own protection, but have no right to take the aggressive. In our social and industrial life and our government the Socialist, the Anarchist and boycott have no place.

The Harrisburg Patriot make an allusion which fits here as well as in other localities:

If all that is reported from certain political quarters in this city be true, it is quite plain that a plutocracy is attempting to purchase its way into the control of Democratic politics in this city and county. The Primary Election laws which exhibit in a vivid light a view of the Penitentiary for those who attempt to corrupt delegates or the electors who choose them, can no longer be set at defiance with impunity. We give this notice in time, so that if prosecutions should follow, there will be no ground of complaint that the culprits were taken unawares."

### ACCORDING.

"I have lost a wallet containing $700," he observed as he puffed excitedly at his cigar, "and I was wondering how much reward I had better offer for its return."

"That's according," said the other.

"According to what?"

"To where you lost it."

"Oh, in Chicago."

"Well, then, you'd better make the reward at least $800!"

Masses of deep-sea coral, many tons in weight, which were torn from their ocean bed by the volcanic explosion in Sunda Straits two years ago, may now be seen two or three miles inland, whither they were borne by the tidal wave.

A Michigan farmer hurried to the assistance of a man whose team had broken down in the road, and received six hens for his kindness. On returning home it was found that the fowls were his own property, and that all their mates were missing.

A Belgian has invented a coffin to effectually prevent the possibility of being buried alive. The pressure of the earth thrown upon the coffin liberates a sort of stiletto, which is so placed that on being disengaged it pierces the heart of the occupant.

Prof. Galloway has noticed that the junior classes of boys in schools understand and profit by lessons in chemistry better than their seniors, whose observant faculties and power of learning from things had been relatively weakened by their longer course of grammar-school training.

A St. Louis drug company recently received a package of aloes tied up in a monkey skin. A writer in a Western paper thinks this method of packing rather rough on the monkeys, for it takes thirty or more of the little fellows to furnish wrappings for a single hundredweight of the drug.

In Australasia a singular but beautiful tree has been named in honor of Prof. Owen. It propagates only by suckers. The seeds will not germinate. They are contained in a solid stone, so dense that it cannot be broken with a hammer. Two years pass before the stone decays, and then the kernels have perished also.

When the present Capitol at Washington was opened, in 1818, the old one was let to business tenants. One of them, Anne Royal, ran two weekly newspapers—the *Paul Pry* and the *Huntress*—on the premises, and was the originator of the American system of interviewing. She was indicted as a common scold in 1859. She lived to the age of ninety-two.

A bee-keeper having been told that a lad, through being repeatedly stung by bees, had become impervious to any unpleasant sensation when attacked by them, resolved to experiment on his own person. He kept a record of the number of times he was stung, and when he began to cease feeling the effects of the stings. The result was that all sense of feeling had gone when he had been stung thirty times within a few weeks.

A Boston man in England has been examining the original charter map of Massachusetts, and finds that the little rocky islet called Middle Brewster, off Boston Harbor, lies outside of the boundary, and was never claimed by Massachusetts colony. It was, therefore, not a part of the United States, and must now be deemed the property of Great Britain, from which, apparently, it has never been cut off.

The Roman dwelling-house was in the earliest ages identical with that of Etruria, and, indeed, of all Central Italy. Although related to Hellenic prototypes, the peculiarly Italian atrium, without columnar supports for the roof, remained in use even after the general introduction of the Greek peristyle. At Pompeii a combination of these two varieties of court is met with, the front space being a simple atrium, and that further within a peristyle. Each inclosure was surrounded with chambers.

There is talk in England of an intention to tax bachelors, and the absurdity of the proposition affords much amusement. But the matter is not so outrageously novel. It has been done before. Who does not know that such a tax was resorted to in old Rome and Greece? Bachelors were heavily taxed, widows were compelled to marry after one year of mourning—some of them may have thought eleven months too long—and at one time a legatee, if unmarried, could not obtain a bequest unless within the space of one hundred days he found some woman to join him in holy wedlock. But we need not go so far back. William III. taxed the bachelors in order to carry on his war with France.

The art of opening letters addressed to other people and refastening them so that no one will know is a profession in Spain. In the post-office they have a dark chamber, where experts inquire into things, and these have long since given up the use of steam for opening gummed communications. Even red hot platinum wire for letters sealed with wax is out of date. The favorite means is with a knife sharper than a razor, which is run along the bottom of the envelope. The letter having been extracted and then replaced after the officials of the post-office have learned what is going on, a fine line of liquid cement is drawn along the opening, the slightest pressure conceivable is applied, and the letter is as whole as ever. The system only fails when too many letters are opened at a time and put hurriedly into the wrong envelopes.

It is a remarkable circumstance in connection with the recent taking of the census in British Burmah, that although the whole population is devoted to cock fighting, only one man was returned as a cock fighter.

A justice in Georgia recently undertook to marry two couples at once and married both women to one of the men before he was aware of the fact. He afterward got the matter straightened out to the satisfaction of the contracting parties.

A Providence woman gave birth to four children recently; the new comers lived but a few hours. The husband took advantage of the sensation it caused, and got an admission fee of ten cents from each of the 500 people who viewed the little ones' bodies.

The history of a Vermont mountain town is thus epitomized by a good observer: "The early settlers cleared up good farms, and the children got rich from them. The grandchildren ran them down, and loaded the town with debts. The next generation skipped away to the West."

A strip of Arabian paper dating from the ninth century, and containing a woodcut with ornaments and initials, has just been found among the papers of the Austrian Archduke Rainer. This relic shows that the art of woodcutting was probably of Arabian origin, or that it was, at all events, known to the Arabs in the ninth century.

Late measurements give the height of the great Mexican volcano, Popocatepell, as 17,809 feet above the sea. The crater, which is completely obscured within by sulphurous vapor, is about two and one-half miles in circuit and 1,000 feet deep. The entire centre of the top of the mountain seems to be solid sulphur, which is deposited at the rate of about a ton a day.

A colony of lepers is located at Tracadie, New Brunswick, in Gloucester County, on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There is another small settlement of lepers in the British provinces which is almost entirely unknown. It is situated in the western part of Cape Breton, near Lake Ainslie, the members being natives of the Highlands of Scotland.

"The gold and scarlet of the sun" is rivaled in the cupolas of St. Peter's at Moscow. There are five of the cupolas, and no less than 900 pounds of gold were used in overlaying them. The doors of the temple cost $310,000, and upon the marble floors were expended $1,500,000. Ten thousand worshippers can be comfortable, if their souls let them, within this $12,500,000 temple.

A writer in the *Eastern Medical Journal* says that the medical idea of a teaspoonful is one fluid drachm. This is, in fact, about the measurement of that article as used by our grandmothers. But this and the dessert spoon are now made so much larger than formerly that they hold nearly two drachms, and people who measure medicine by them overdose themselves. The tablespoon remains as in old days.

One minute's imprisonment in jail was the punishment imposed on a man charged in a Clarendon (Ark.) court with having sold the products of land for which he had failed to pay rent. The trial occupied several days, and upon the verdict being pronounced the condemned walked across the court-room and placed himself in charge of the sheriff, who took him to the jail, where he served out one minute's time.

One hundred and five years ago Nicholas Thomas and Lucy Somes lived in Mt. Desert, Me., and wanted to be married. There was no minister within thirty miles and so they married themselves. On the town records, under date of 1780, is the contract which they drew up and signed—agreeing, in "the presence of God, the angels, and these witnesses, to love, to cherish and nourish," and to "love, honor, and obey him," as husband and wife, so long as God should continue their lives.

Five hundred years B. C., the Etruscan ladies fastened their coils and braids with spear-shaped pins, as beautiful as they were useful. Some of them were made of ivory and some of bronze and silver. They were ornamented in various ways, some with busts carved upon them, and some with full-length reclining figures. Venus rising out of the sea and stroking back her wet hair was a favorite design.

A custom of the days gone by still obtains in the District of Columbia courts. According to an old Maryland law, the foreman of each jury is presented with a pound of tobacco on rendering the verdict in each case. As this is far in excess of the demand for the weed, the cash equivalent of $1 is substituted. The tobacco fund amounts to a considerable sum during a term of court, and is usually devoted to the purchase of a cane for the foreman, bouquets for the judge, and minor comforts for the jurors.

## NEWS OF THE WEEk

—While a new frame barn was being raised in Union Township, Adams county, Penna., on Saturday, it collapsed, injuring Andrew Sell, Henry Harnz and J. Lohr. Sell and Harris have since died, and Lohr's recovery is doubtful

—Mrs. Andrew Doran, her seven-year-old son, and Miss Laura Keefer, all of New York, were drowned on the 13th by the capsizing of a sail boat on the Hackensack river.

—A heavy rain storm with high wind prevailed on the 14th along the New Jersey coast. At six o'clock in the evening two schooners—the Republic, loaded with cord wood, for New York, and the Clayton Frame, from Millville for New York, with charcoal—went ashore at Seabright, broadside on. They were driven high on the beach. Their captains and crews were taken off by the life-saving men. Great damage was done on the 14th on Long Island by a heavy thunder storm. Fences were levelled, trees splintered and outbuildings damaged.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hendee were killed by a train while driving across the railroad, near Leroy, Genesee county, New York, on the 13th. Andrew S. Perry and Leroy Plaisted, boys, were killed by the caving in of a sandbank near Chardon, Ohio, on the 12th. Robert Robinson, aged 16 years, died of hydrophobia at Wadesboro, South Carolina, on the 13th. "He was bitten on the left arm by a mad dog two years ago, and a few days before his death was stung by bees on the same arm." At Pekin, Ohio, on the 14th, Mrs. Noah Mossholder, aged 61 years, attempted to save a little child which had run on the railroad track before an approaching train. Both were killed. Stanley Jacobs, aged 16 years, and Thomas Dolan, aged 20, both of Hazleton, Penna., were drowned by the capsizing of their boat while on a fishing excursion at Pond Lake, on the 13th.

—A severe wind storm prevailed in Texas on the 13th and morning of the 14th, the gale having a velocity at Galveston of sixty miles per hour. The storm washed away parts of the two bridges which span Galveston Bay, and swept off all the telegraph lines running into Galveston, thus cutting off communication with that city.

—Ellen Hinman, an aged woman, was found dying of starvation in an attic in West street, New York, on the 14th. She expired soon after being removed. Unable to work, and too proud to beg, she had crawled into the attic to die. She had not tasted food for five days. It is said the poor woman had been "of respectable standing through life." Captain William Davis, "an old railroad man," committed suicide by taking poison on a railroad train near Chattanooga on the 13th. The dead body of an unknown man, with the throat cut, was found in the woods near Clearfield on the 13th.

—A young couple, apparently on their wedding trip, registered at the Sturtevant House in New York on the 10th inst., as Winfield Lee Thompson and wife, of Kansas City, Missouri. On the afternoon of the 15th, the office bell was rung from the room occupied by them, but on going to the room no response was made to repeated rappings. Finally the door was bursted open, and Thompson and his wife was found lying on the floor. She had been shot in the back of the head and was dying. Thompson held a revolver in his hand, and there were bullet wounds in his head and breast. The woman died before an ambulance arrived, and Thompson became insensible. His wounds are not considered fatal. Thompson is a son of Rev. Dr. Thompson, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Kansas City.

—A freight train was wrecked near Memphis, Tennessee, on the 14th. Fifteen cars were smashed, and several tramps who were stealing a ride were crushed to death.

—William Close and Horace Gaston perished in an old well, which the former was cleaning out, near Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 14th. Gaston was overcome while trying to save his friend. Both leave large families. Two boys named Anderson, aged 13 and 15 years, were drowned while fishing in a creek near Indiana, Penna., on the 14th.

—The Atlantic Yacht Club regatta took place on the 15th on the New York course, and resulted in a victory for the Priscilla. The Atlantic was second and the Puritan third, the latter being becalmed just before the finish.

—Conrad Miller, aged 62 years, committed suicide by jumping into the Patapsco river, near Baltimore. He was about to have sailed for Germany "but the suicide of King Ludwig, of Bavaria, preyed upon his mind, and he sought the same mode of death."

—While a party of colored people were going home from church at Hinesville, Georgia, on the 15th, they quarreled over the words of the preacher's text. Richard Perry tried to stop the dispute. He was fired upon and instantly killed by Samuel Martin. The fight then became general, resulting in the fatal wounding of Martin, Thomas Meade and Mrs. Alcinda Law. At El Paso, Texas, on the 15th, George Williams, colored, shot and killed his wife and then committed suicide. His wife, who was employed as a house servant, had refused him money. Michael Kelly, a tramp, was arrested at Beaver Falls, Penna., on suspicion of having murdered James Kincaide, of Mahoningtown, last December, and also for the killing of a young girl near Mansfield, Ohio, in September. A colored man named Jasper says Kelly confessed both murders to him.

—The Republican State Convention of Tennessee, on the 16th nominated A. A. Taylor, for Governor. The platform adopted declares for a protective tariff, and sympathizes with Ireland's struggle for Home Rule. The Republican Convention of Vermont met on the 16th in Montpelier, and nominated Lieutenant Governor Ormsbee for Governor on the first ballot. W. S. Holman was renominated for Congressman on the 16th in the Fourth District of Indiana.

—At Salem, Massachusetts on the 16th three railroad ties were discovered and removed from the Eastern Railroad track in time to prevent a disaster to an early freight train. No clue has been found to the perpetrators.

—The heaviest rain of the season visited Pittsburg on the 16th and 17th. In various parts of the city stores were flooded, and on Mulberry alley twenty families were washed out of their houses by a gas trench overflowing and filling the dwellings with water. Washouts and land slides are reported on several railroads, and trains are badly delayed. The rivers are rising rapidly, and, from present indications, there will be water sufficient to allow the shipment of six or eight millions of bushels of coal to lower ports.

—The piano manufactory and salesroom of M, T. Autesell & Co., in San Francisco, were burned on the 17th. Loss $200,000; insurance $100,000. An adjoining store was damaged $25,000.

—A telegram from Ithaca says the Cornell crew, which it was expected would row at Philadelphia for the Childs cup, "has disbanded because of a lack of funds, there being but $25 left in the treasury after the purchase of the new shell, while the trip to Philadelphia would cost upwards of $400." The Childs cup, which Cornell now holds, will be forfeited in consequence.

—Jacob Weiler, aged 62 years, of Lahachsville, Berks county, Penna., while at supper on the 16th, was informed that a letter containing $1700 back pension money had been received for him. Hurrying to finish his meal, a piece of meat lodged in his windpipe and choked him to death.

—At York, Michigan, on the 16th, John Barnett, a farmer, 68 years of age, went to the house of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Jackson, where he shot and mortally wounded his wife, and also shot and seriously wounded Mrs. Jackson. His wife was 35 years old and had left him.

—The Coroner's jury in Chicago which has been investigating the Canal street tenement house fire of June 7th, in which eight persons were suffocated and a little child mortally injured, on the 17th, held Charles Reilly to await the action of the Grand Jury.

—A freight train on the Pittsburg and Western Railroad broke through the Point Creek trestle, near Foxburg, Penna., on the 16th. The disaster was caused by the breaking of an axle, and twenty cars were thrown into the creek forty feet below, carrying with them part of the trestle work. Engineer Settig and brakeman Steffey and Case were killed, and fireman Geoughler was mortally injured,

Two six year old boys, while playing in a bin of shelled corn in an elevator at Dana, Indiana, on the 17th, were caught "in a vortex of sinking grain" and smothered.

## FORTY-NIN TH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 12th, Mr. Whitthorne spoke in favor of Mr. Frye's bill for a congress of the "American nations." The Army Appropriation bill was passed. The Northern Pacific Forfeiture bill was considered. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 14th, the Northern Pacific Forfeiture bill was discussed. Mr. Edmunds offered a resolution for reference to the Committee on Rules, providing for a change in the rules of the Senate so as to make it possible to lay on the table a motion to reconsider without affecting the question in reference to which the motion is made. Pending consideration of the Forfeiture bill the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 15th, the consideration of the Northern Pacific Forfeiture bill was resumed, and the bill was passed—yeas, 42; nays 1 (Mr. Blair). The bill repealing the Preemption, Timber Culture and Desert Land act was taken up, and the Senate then adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 16th, Mr. Dawes presented a memorial of the Massachusetts Legislature, which recites that "the General Court of Massachusetts views with deep concern the recent interferences of the government of Canada with the fishermen of the United States, and urges Congress to secure immediate relief for that class of citizens." The Senate then went into executive session. When the doors were reopened, the Invalid Pension and Military Academy Appropriation bills were passed as reported. Mr. Wilson spoke upon the bill fixing the postage on fourth-class mail matter at two cents per ounce. The House bill repealing the Pre emption, Timber Culture and Desert Land acts was discussed, pending which the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 17th, a number of bills on the calendar were disposed of. Among the bills were those providing for an inspection of meats for exportation and prohibiting the importation of adulterated articles of food or drink, and the bill providing for a Congress of the American nations, to meet in Washington on October 1st, 1887, "to consider such questions and recommend such measures as shall be to the mutual interest and common welfare of the American States." The Legislative Appropriation bill was received from the House and referred. A resolution offered by Mr. Cockrell was agreed to, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to certify to the Senate the claims of volunteer soldiers adjusted by the accounting officers of the Treasury since the last report of the Treasurer. Adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House on the 12th, the consideration of the Legislative Appropriation bill was continued, and the Chairman of the Committee of the Whole has sustained the point of order made against the provision attached to the Civil Service clause of the Legislative Appropriation bill requiring the Commission to amend its regulations, and the provision is, therefore, striken from the measure. Pending consideration of the bill the commitee rose. An evening session was held for consideration of pension bills.

In the House on the 14th, Mr. Cobb, of Indiana, called up the report of the Committee on Public Lands, recommending concurrence in the Senate amendments to the Atlantic and Pacific Land Forfeiture bill. The report was agreed to. After disposing of some District business the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 15th, the Committee on Invalid Pensions reported, with amendments, the Senate bill "for the relief of soldiers of the late war honorably discharged after three months' service, and who are disabled and dependent on their own labor for support." It was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

In the House, on the 16th, Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported back adversely a resolution offered by Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, declaring in favor of the restoration of the wool tariff of 1867, and a resolution offered by Mr. Wilkins, of Ohio, expressing the sense of Congress as adverse to any change in the present wool tariff, and they were laid upon the table. The Legislative Appropriation bill was passed. An evening session was held for the consideration of the private calendar. Among the bills passed were the Senate bill granting the franking privilege to the widow of General U. S. Grant, and a House bill for the relief of the survivors of the exploring steamer Jeannette, and the widows and children of those who perished in the retreat from the wreck of that vessel in the Arctic seas. Adjourned.

In the House on the 17th, after some routine business, Mr. Morrison moved to go into Committee of the Whole on his Tarriff bill. On this motion he demanded the yeas and nays, and Mr. McKinley, on behalf of the opponents of the bill, joined in the demand. The yeas and nays were ordered unanimously, and Mr. Morrison's motion was defeated—yeas 140, nays 157. After the vote was announced Mr. Morrison gave notice that he would renew his motion on the 22d. Mr. McKinley gave notice that the opponents of the bill would try and be present on that day. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Naval Appropriation bill. Pending its consideration the House adjourned.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

We can better do without armies and navies than without education for the masses,

A wise man in his household should find a wife gentle and courteous, or no wife at all.

The best of us being unfit to die, what an inexpressible absurdity to put the worst to death.

There is nothing so sweet as a duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.

There are two things that everybody thinks they can do better than any one else—punch the fire and edit a daily paper.

In all cases of heart-ache, the application of another man's disappointment draws out the pain and allays the irritation.

Many a man doesn't realize that he has had a swell time at an evening party until he tries to put his hat on next morning.

Society is just like a pie. There is an upper crust and a lower crust, but the real strength and substance lies between them.

The great struggle of life is first for bread, then butter on the bread and at last sugar on the butter. This is the best any of us can do.

Gambling is a crime, and some of those who think they are not known are being looked after. They are not the ones to throw stones.

There are some men of so little importance that they cannot even bring disgrace on any organization to which they may happen to belong.

The world's peace begins in delusion, goes on in sin, and ends in perdition. Heaven's peace begins in grace, goes on in grace, and ends in glory.

The world's idea of bankruptcy.—Next day it was noised abroad that Dombey and Son had stopped, and next night there was a list of bankrupts published headed by that name.

Beware of confiding in distant prospects of happiness, lest they be suddenly intercepted by most trivial vexation: A leaf in the foreground is large enough to conceal a forest in the far horizon.

I don't believe in special Providences. When a mule kicks a man, and knocks him anywhere from eight to twenty feet off, I don't lay it to the Lord; I say for myself: That man got a little too near the mule.

No man starts in his professional career wise, strong, and thoroughly fitted for his work. One must gain wisdom by experience, strength by exercise, and fitness by reiterated, and, at first, often ineffectual endeavor.

As I approve of the youth who has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with the old man who has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but he can never be so in mind.

Live always in the spring-time in the country; you do not know what leaf-form means unless you have seen the buds burst and the young leaves breathing low in the sunshine and wondering at the first shower of rain.

I have known Christians who tried to feed their souls with the duties of each day, with the care of the children, and of the household, and of business. This is all well; but you must nourish your soul by contact with God in prayer.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.

Life, like war, is a series of mistakes; and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. Poor mediocrity may secure that, but he is the best who wins the most splendid victories by retrieval of mistakes.

### Wishes.

Whatever you want, if you wish for it long
With constant yearning and fervent desire,
If your wish soars upward on wings so strong
That they never grow languid and never tire,

Why, over the storm clouds and out of the dark
It shall come flying some day to you,
As the dove with the olive branch flew to the ark,
And the dream you have cherished, it shall come true.

But, lest much rapture should make you mad,
Or too bright sunlight should strike you blind,
Along with your blessings a something sad
Shall come like a shadow that follows behind.

Something unwelcome and unforseen,
Yet of your hope and your wish a part,
Shall stand like a sentinel in between
The perfect joy and the humble heart.

I wished for a cloudless and golden day;
It came; but I looked from my windows to see
A giant shadow, which seemed to say.
"If you ask for the sunlight you must take me,"

O, a wonderful thing is the human will
When serving one purpose and seeking one end;
But I think it wiser just to sit still
And accept whatever the gods may send.

## A SECOND THOUGHT

"I must have it, George," said Mr Whitman's handsome little wife. So don't put on that sober face."

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile that was anything but a success.

"Yes, sober as a man on trial for his life," she replied, "There, dear, clear it up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money-lovers you men are!"

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman.

There was another effort to look cheerful and acquiescent.

"About six pounds," was answered, with just a little faltering in the lady's voice, for she knew the sum would sound extravagant.

"Six pounds! Why, Mary, do you think I am made of money?"

And Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression.

"I declare, George," said his wife, a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we were married. Amy Blight has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of them cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant; but I wish you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long."

"There, there, pet don't talk to me after this fashion! I'll bring you the money this evening, that is, if——"

"No ifs nor buts, if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you, dear! I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was in —— street yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever beheld. Just suits my style and complexion. I shall be inconsolable if it's gone. You won't disappoint me?"

And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband and smiled with sweet persuasion in her face.

"Oh, no. You shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning off from his wife, as she thought, a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence.

In his precipitation he had also forgotten the usual parting kiss.

"That's the way it is always!" said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing street door came jarring upon her ears. "Just say 'money' to George, and at once there is a cloud in the sky."

She sat down, pouting and half angry.

"Six pounds for a new dress!" mentally ejaculated the husband of the vain pretty and thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after him. "I promised to settle the coal merchant's bill to-day, but don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is nearly out, and more must be ordered. Oh, dear! I'm discouraged. Every year I fall behindhand. This winter I did hope to get a little in advance; but, if silk dresses are to be the order of the day, there's an end to that devotly-to-be-wished-for circumstance. Debt—debt! how I have always shrunk from it! But steadily, now, it is overpowering me. Oh, if I could but disentagle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood; but the bonds that hold me are weak. If Mary could see as I see—if I could only make her understand rightly my position! Alas! that is hopeless, I fear."

And Mr. Whitman quickened his steps, because his heart beat quicker, and his mind was unduly excited.

Not long after Mr. Whitman had left home, the postman delivered a letter to his address. His wife examined the writing on the envelope, which was in a bold hand, and said to herself as she did so, "I wonder who this can be from?"

Something more than curiosity moves her. There intruded on her mind a vague feeling of disquiet, as if the missive bore unpleasant news to her husband. The stamp showed it to be a city letter. Several times of late such letters had come to his address and she noticed that he read them hurriedly, thrust them without remark into his pocket, and became suddenly silent and gloomy.

Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over again in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and, as she did so, the image of her husband, sober-faced and silent as he had become for most of the time of late, presented itself with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart.

"Poor George!" she said as the feeling increased. "I'm afraid something is going wrong with him."

Placing the letter on the mantelpiece, where her husband could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties; but a strange impression, as of a weight, lay upon her heart—a sense of impending evil—a vague, troubled disturbance of her usual inward self-satisfaction.

If the thought of Mrs. Whitman recurred, as was natural, to the elegant silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Something of its beauty had faded.

"If I only knew what that letter contained!" she said, half an hour after it had come in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come upon it so strangely, as it seemed to her.

"She went to the mantelpiece, took up the letter, and examined the superscription. It did not enlighten her. Steadily she became more assured that its contents were of a nature to trouble her husband.

"He's been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. This idea affected her very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as thought, under a kind of feverish excitement, became active in a new direction. "More contemplative, as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times, and his irritation pains me."

She drew a long, deep sigh. Then with an almost startling vividness, came before her mind in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful, silent, sober-faced husband of to-day.

"Something has gone wrong with him this year!" she said aloud, as feeling grew stronger, "What can it be?" The letter was still in her hand. "This may enlighten me,"

With careful fingers she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, so that she could seal it again if she desired to do so. There was a bill for fifteen pounds and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jeweler.

"If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall take proceedings. It has been standing for nearly a year, and I am tired of getting excuses instead of my money."

The bill was for a lady's watch which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase.

"Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman in great astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.

Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thus thinking a second letter for her husband came in. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill! and another dunning letter!

"Not paid! Is it possible?" she repeated.

It was a bill of four pounds for boots and slippers, which had been standing for three or four months.

"This will never do!" said the astonished wife—never—no, never!" She thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way, and from that hour until the return of her husband she did an unusual amount of thinking for her little brain. She saw, the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had not passed from his brow.

"Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking it from his vest pocket and handing it to her as he came in.

He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old, bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile just then would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses. She took the money, saying, "Thank you, dear! It is kind of you to comply with my wishes."

Something in her voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes to her face with a look of inquiry. But she turned aside, so that he could not read its expression.

He was graver and more silent than usual, and ate with scarcely an appearance of appetite.

"Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband.

"Are you impatient to have me admire your new silk dress?" he asked, with a faint effort to smile.

"Yes. It will be something splendid," she replied.

He turned off from her quickly and left the house. A few moments she stood, with thoughtful countenance, and her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room and commenced dressing to go out Two hours later and we find her in the jeweler's shop.

"May I speak a word to you?" she said, addressing the owner, who knew her very well.

"Certainly," he replied, and they moved to the lower end of one of the long glass cases.

"Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the glass case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband.

"I cannot afford to wear this watch; my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly. It should never have been purchased; but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish young wife. I say this to take the blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do so in fairness to yourself. Take back the watch, and say how much I shall pay you beside."

The jeweler paused a little to think. The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; then taking the bill and watch, he said, "Wait a moment," and went to the desk.

"Will that do?"

He had come forward again, and now presented her with the receipted bill. His face wore a pleased expression.

"How much have I to pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, taking out her pocketbook.

"Nothing," he replied. "The watch is uninjured.

### The Dandy Horse.

The use of tricycles by the postmen of England is not new. In 1830 "improved dandy horses" were given to postmen in rural districts and were in use for several years. The construction of the machine was exceedingly simple; two small and equal-sized stout wooden wheels were fitted, one behind the other, to a stout bar of wood; the rear wheel was rigidly fixed to a pair of stout iron forks, while the front wheel was fitted in a similar pair of forks, which by a clumsy and primitive arrangement, something like that of a bath-chair, could be deflected from side to side, so as to steer the machine. In the middle of the stout connecting bar or "backbone" was placed a narrow cushioned seat, and in front of it was a raised and padded pommel or cushion, on which the rider threw most of his weight. Seating himself astride, the hobby rider grasped the steering handle with both hands, and leaning his chest upon the cushioned pommel, stood across the machine in a position much like that of a man when running. Then he began to run along the ground placing his weight on the seat and the pommel, and with lengthy strides progressing along the road. As soon as the rider became proficient in the balance, as with the modern machine, he was able to "fly" down hills with his feet off the ground, and could on the level run for some distance with the added impetus of a sharp burst along the road. The pace, as compared with walking or other unaided modes of progression, was remarkable, and doubtless many found the dandy-horse of service as a means of exercise; but its immense weight, clumsy construction, and the terrible jars which its rubberless wheels and springless frame communicated to the system of the rider soon cooled their enthusiasm, and the dandy horse became a thing of the past.

### A Floating Kirk.

A floating kirk for the island of Arran is the latest notion from the north, the Duke of Hamilton having adhered to his resolution not to allow any United Presbyterians a place of worship on the island. The modern ark is to be moored in Lamlash bay, one of the snuggest anchorages on the Scottish coast, and the members of the congregation will be pulled on board from the shore in small boats, when the ship's bell rings at the mast-head. As three and the precentor is a fair good parish kirk muster in some parts of Scotland in winter, there will probably not be so many crowded pews aft of the pulpit bulkheads on stormy Sundays, though the sermons may be as effective as the acting in the old seaside timber theatre at Carlisle. "Did you see them?" said a would-be Irving once when playing Hamlet in this temple of the drama, "the pit rose at me." "Ay, ay," said the local doorkeeper, "but it was not till the tide was up to their knees, man."

### As to the Love-letter a la Mode.

Parchment paper, blue ink, quills and blotting sand are the correspondence material used by fashionable young women who delight in ancient things.

Judge no man before thou hast been in his situation.—"Until we can read the heart of another without doubt, and know all the circumstances of his life, all the many links in the chain of accident that has surrounded him, we should not blame him too much or be wrathful with him. What he has done may be ill, but we cannot tell why he did it or how he may have repented the doing. A moment of strong feeling, an hour of wrath may turn the feet upon the downward road so hard to retrace. We see one lying at the foot of a precipice; but we do not know how he fell, what cruel hand smote, what lie betrayed him, nor how he clung vainly to the brink, praying in vain for some helping hand."

### His Sweetheart's Name.

Oh! would you know the sweetest maid
That e'er drank from the fountain,
The fairest one, the rarest one
In valley or on mountain?
If I should tell the secret now
You then would know it well sir;
But as she's mine, by vows divine,
I think I will not tell, sir.
Her eyes are blue,
Of tender hue,
And clear as yonder well, sir;
Though me you blame,
Her pretty name
I'll never, never tell, sir.

She's a farmer's daughter dear,
And trips among the daisies;
She's like a dove, my little love,
And I will sing her praises;
Though down the rosy, rosy lane,
To greet me she advances;
With smiles so rare, she doth not care
To meet a stranger's glances.
Her eyes are blue
Of tender hue,
And clear as yonder well, sir:
Though me you blame,
Her pretty name
I'll never, never tell, sir.

My little wild-flower bloometh sweet,
Afar from town or city;
Her maiden heart is full of love;
Her soul is full of pity;
The grand old farm glows with the charm
She gives, from field to dell, sir;
But as she's mine by vows divine,
Her name I will not tell, sir.
Her eyes are blue,
Of tender hue;
Her voice is quite divine, sir;
And when the leaves
Fall with the sheaves,
She'll change her name for mine sir.

## LOVE'S AWAKENING.

"You understand about the medicine and beverages?"

"Yes," softly assented the new nurse.

She had laid aside her widow's bonnet and veil. In her plain black dress, serviceably unadorned, she looked very slim and young.

Though her hands were so soft and white, they looked capable. Mrs. Rameaux might be inexperienced—she owned as much herself—but she would assuredly learn quickly, and intelligently; and her sympathy would never be at fault.

This much the young doctor's professional intuitions told him as he saw her softly bend over her first cot in the extemporized fever hospital. Then he passed on.

She might be a young woman and a beautiful one. The atmosphere of the countryside around had been such these many weeks that a man, watching as he did, day and night, by the bedsides of the dying and the dead, could have his drift and tenure of mind scarcely such that facts like these would bear in upon it with any element of the exciting.

It had been an awful visitation. Had been? It was so still. Day after day, week after week, the fever raged, knowing no abatement. Those who could flee, leaving all, did so.

Among those who stayed fresh victims were marked and dropped with every new sun. A great pall, an awe-struck fear, had fallen over the community. The spectre of Death among them, walking their streets, sitting down, a familiar guest at their very board, had given to all these blighted faces a serious expression.

When her friends, terrified at the spread of the epidemic, had asked her why she delayed leaving with them, Mrs. Rameaux had let fall some words which acted among them with the effect of an explosive.

"I shall not go at all. I shall stay."

"Stay!"

"Many hands will be needed—and I may be of use. It is what I have wanted. It is my opportunity."

She might have said it was what she had prayed for—the chance of devoting herself, of practically renouncing the world, of leading a consecrated life.

It had been her one wish since her husband had died—she scarcely at the time more than a child. All seemed to have died, too.

Her friends said she was morbid.

Mrs. Rameaux only smiled gently. Her smile in those days was sadder than tears.

"She will get over it said the friends next. So young, so lovely, how could it be otherwise? This giving up, as it were, of all her future; this monastic simplicity of dress; this visiting of the poor and the sick, and dedicating of all her days to the cutting-out of charity children's clothes—this was a phase; it must pass; the reaction would come.

There was a mingling of the sarcastic and the impatient in these asseverations. The impatience predominated, perhaps.

To prate of charity and the love of one's fellow-man, is a thing permissible in good society—provided it be not carried too far. But to have one's intimates suddenly proceed to put such theories into effect is a grievance to be looked upon as personally offensive.

But Mrs. Rameaux's unconsciousness and serenity under this half or wholly expressed opposition were singularly unwavering.

If this was a "fad" she failed to tire of it as quickly as flesh and blood usually dispose of such.

When this last astounding announcement came, the Rameaux acquaintance had an air of dismissing the matter as now having passed beyond comment altogether.

"Lucy always was queer," said one female voice.

"Not always," retorted a masculine organ more dubiously. 'That is, she was always rather high-strung. But—well, having been married to Rameaux might be enough to—" Then the speaker bethought himself and stopped.

Meanwhile, the new nurse gently, with soft footfall, passed on in her self-chosen work. The weeks dragged by, still the fever raged.

She had held the hands of those writhing in sightless delirium of pain and moistened the lips of the dying.

The strain had told on her. The fine oval of her face had grown more transparent. About the full brown of her eyes the blue circles had hollowed.

She was bending now over the pillow of a young girl who had been hovering on the shadowy brink for days. To-night the crisis had been reached.

The girl was of a singularly nervous and sensitive temperament, and through all her ravings Mrs. Rameaux's low tone and magnetic touch had had a strangely soothing, controlling effect upon her.

Her dependence on both, her need of her voluntary nurse, came to constitute on the latter one of those claims by which all rich natures are held in bondage to some weaker one.

As she leaned over the girl and noted that the eyes were closed and the chest lifted regularly by the inspirations of a sound and normal sleep, she realized that the crisis was passed and the life saved. Mrs. Rameaux suddenly gave way, and burying her face in her hands, burst into noiseless sobs.

"Mrs. Rameaux!"

She started up breathless, coloring with anger at herself.

"I—don't think me a very weak. I don't know what is the mattter with me!"

Dr. May's sudden presence, the keen look of his grey eyes, were not to be borne.

"But I know what the matter is," he said. "You are worn out. You have been doing too much. Will you take some rest? If you do not we shall have you ill also."

He spoke with an almost abrupt authority.

"How can I rest? They need me," She looked from the bed in front of her through the open door to a vista of white cots beyond. The faint light of the night-lamp flickered over her black dress, and the white sweetness of her face, upon which indignation at her own most unwonted emotional weakness had already dried the tears.

"They do not need as much of you as you have been giving this girl," retorted Dr. May, pointing to the bed. "It is wrong. You lavish yourself. You can't expect to hold out at this rate."

She dropped her eyes, abashed. The conventional barriers were annulled between them. They were workers amid the dread realities of life and death. They stood together in an atmosphere where there could be no resentment at the directness of his speech.

"Lizzie depends on me so," she murmured in extenuation. "And—I have been sorry for her."

After the words were uttered she would have given much to recall them. Lizzie's history—connected with a man wholly unworthy—was common property.

There were elements in it that brought back Mrs. Rameaux's own tragic experience.

She shrank—with a sensitive flushing of all her face—from any allusion that might seem to bear upon that chapter of her life in which all her youth had been bruised and trodden upon.

What else could she do with a life in which the dreams of perfect love and faith had been shattered, shivering, with brutal thrust to the ground, but dedicate it to the unpersonal service of humanity, wherever it had known misery and suffering like unto hers? The purity, the renunciation of her aim would throw a sanctification over that dark, brief period, from which the sinned against had seemed to issue with some of the blight of the sinning upon her shrinking soul.

May God give him rest! Mrs. Rameaux had only an awed sense of pity before the memory of her husband now.

As Lizzie approached convalescence, the fever, by a sudden impetus, seemed to reach a fearful culmination. In ten days the deaths aggregated an average greater than that of weeks previously.

Rest! There was no rest for doctors or nurses now. They walked, day and night, in the valley of the shadow.

Then, as suddenly, and by a freak as inexplicable, the cases abated. The power and fury of the disease had spent themselves. There was as though a great lull.

Mrs. Rameaux had stepped one night to the door. The wind was soft and humid, and there was a vague stirring of spring in the air.

Ragged tatters of dark streak-like clouds swept the faint disc of the moon; and above the watcher's head the bare trees clashed together with a rasping of dry branches.

Mrs. Rameaux closed her eyes and drew a long breath.

When she looked up Dr. May was coming through the lighted hall towards the door.

He was pale, and she noticed at once a drawn look about his eyes that she had never seen before.

He stopped near her.

"Will you rest now?" he said. "You may. The worst is over. And—Lizzie is nearly well."

He smiled, and a faint color came into Mrs. Rameaux's cheek.

"You have more need to rest than I," she said. "You look ill."

"Do I?"

He still lingered opposite her. He did not seem to attach any importance to her words. The breath of the night wind brushed softly in between them.

He put his hand abruptly into the pocket of his inner coat. The object he drew out was very small and dark.

"I saw these to-day, driving through the woods. They are wonderfully early comers for our cold clime. You may like them as a pledge that spring is upon us, and with it, I trust, hope"

His voice had dropped very low as he spoke. Mrs. Rameaux held out her hand, and in it he laid two frail wild violets. She caught them, with a rapid, sensitive motion, to her face.

"Oh, I like them—I like them! Thank you,"

And then she turned and left him.

Dr. May got into his buggy and drove slowly away.

There was a strange tumult in his veins. It was as though he could feel the throb of the spring in all this hushed, awakening nature.

His path led him by way of the woods again. Through the naked interlacing boughs above him the moonlight, white and watery, filtered in ghostly gleams.

Faint, intangible perfumes of stirring seed-life haunted the air. He seemed to breathe the very soul of the night.

A desperate joy that life was still his, to feel, to enjoy, seized him. Nature, long suppressed by the chill charnel-house atmosphere of death, asserted itself with a mighto rebound. He suddenly drew his horse with a sharp tightening of the muscles.

There was a reason for this throb and rush of blood through his arteries. And he had found it in the phantom of a woman's face, sweet and pale as a white camellia bud, and framed in black, that had risen and floated before him, luminous as a vision wrought from the beams of the moon

He found all his patients doing well. He drove back rapidly. The whole night seemed full of her presence.

He had not hoped to see her again. But as he went in she was crossing the hall, She held some bandages in her hands and her sleeves were drawn up from her delicate wrists and the waxen curve of her arms.

In her dress he saw the two wood-violets. A silver bar of moonlight crept in through the high curtainless window and seemed to imprison her as she turned towards him with a half smile.

The fever in his veins burned more fiercely. Never had there been such a night as this! They two were alone on the face of the earth.

With his eyes on hers, drawing nearer to her, he spoke at once.

"I love you," he said—"I love you. I know it now to the full. You are the one woman, and we were meant one for the other."

White to the lips, she started from him.

"You are ill! Raving! You don't know what you are saying!"

He caught her by the hand with a fierce gesture.

"Do not speak in that way. What I say is as life and death to me."

She drew herself up to her full height, trembling in every limb.

"Then you should know that what you speak of is dead and buried for me! A gulf separates me from any such experience again on this earth!"

* * * * *

The sunlight this morning had forced itself through the curtains with a particular triumphant insistance. It lay, a slanting column of golden rays, athwart the floor, and the motes danced in the luminous radiance with a giddy motion.

A convalescent's idle gaze, but half emerged from the land of visions, and wholly incurious, might watch the eddying whirl passively a long time; then, slipping from the sun's rays to the counterpane, might wonder vaguely at the emaciation of the hands lying thereon.

Slowly, from this unfamiliar appearance of the familiar, a train of languid thought, quickening as it gathers momentum, might start.

Ah, yes; he had been very ill. Of course it came back now. And that which had occurred before the illness—what was that haunting thing? The vision of the fair face that had been with him through all his delirium came, an almost palpable presence, and brought the weak tears to his eyes.

She had not wanted his love because the first love that she had given to any man had been held more lightly than the pleasures of a night's carousal, than the price of a horse. Because the man she had bestowed her young life upon had been unworthy, because this rare pearl had been cast before a brute, she had shut the springs of her nature against the appeal of passion.

Dr. May heard of the consecrated life the young widow had seemed to resolve to lead. He had not believed at the time that the resolve would hold. No young woman's heart could die so completely, could sleep so profound a sleep until the end. And now— He turned his face to the wall.

A slight sound roused him.

Mrs. Rameaux came in softly. She was pale as the white band about her throat. Pale? As she met the broad, clear gaze of the haggard eyes, in which full intelligence had only returned to mingle with a nameless pain, the color swept, mounted, deepened, with a suffusing rush, over neck, brow and cheeks.

She took another step forward. Her lip quivered. One despairing effort she made to master the emotion, then, like a tall, slender sapling that is felled to the ground, dropped suddenly on her knees, and, as once before, buried her face against the border of the cot.

It was deathly still in the room a long interval, except for her sobs. Then he touched her bent head.

She looked up, crying at the sight of his face.

"Oh, I have hurt you! I have agitated you! How ill you look!"

"No," came the deep breathless answer, "You make me live!"

She dared not speak or move, holding his hand in both of hers.

Then when the spasm had passed:

"Is it true, dear?"

Again the beautiful color came sweeping over neck and brow.

"Oh, I never thought to love—I never thought to open my heart in this way again!" she cried with a sobbing appeal. "It is all so strange! Just when I thought my life-work had been traced out for ever! But when you fell ill—when you took the fever—the very last one of all—"

"Hush, hush! Are you sorry the awakening has come, love?"

She had buried her face against his arm.

"I am weak—to love you," she whispered low.

But for all answer he drew her close.

"You have suffered," he said simply. "But, please God, I shall atone."

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—Spanish and Russian short jackets of flounce lace are made up over surah, the edges of the jacket formed of the well-defined scallops of the lace, these opening over plaited or shirred vests of the silk. There are also cream-colored sets of Irish point lace, which include gilet cuffs and deep Charles IX collars, ready for use at a moment's notice, and always dressy and becoming. Also marine collars with scarf ends attached, in beaded nets and all the fancy white and cream laces, to say nothing of legions of beautiful devices in lace, from the stately Medici fraise to the simple ruche and frills of etamine net.

—Immensely big buttons—too large to pass through a button-hole—are used simply decoratively, being sewed on dresses that are fastened with hooks and eyes.

### LOOK AT YOUR SOLES.

#### Different Styles of Shoes.

"New pair of shoes, eh! Well, I guess you need them, and I'm not certain but I need a pair myself from the looks o' these soles," and the speaker, by crooking his left knee and placing his left calf on his right knee, exposed to view a sole with a hole worn in the centre. Continuing his remarks, he said: "Strange, isn't it, how many shoes are worn in this country in a year, and also the different styles! There you see a stylishly-shaped shoe, with tapering toe and well-rounded heel, and in your mind's eye you see it on the foot of some elegant gentleman of fashion. Following this same shoe, you see it in the ball room, gliding with peculiarly fascinating motion o'er the polished floor, keeping time to the latest waltz, polka or schottische. Still follow, and it leads you into fashion's proudest bowers, to theatres; then into the streets again, with its tap, tap on the hard pavement, it leads you into the lowest slums, and then late in the morning it causes its follower to turn from it in disgust at its unsteadiness and tendencies to turn first to one side, then the other, scarcely ever touching the sole (a case of walking on the uppers, as it were) owing to the inebriated condition of the wearer.

"There goes a coarse cowhide brogan, with hob-nailed sole, a shoe made as tho' 'twere intended to last forever. It bears an honest, whole 'soled' appearance, and is a shoe that should make friends with all mankind. Its very appearance makes manifest the hard labor of its wearer, and should command the respect of both high and low. If that shoe could talk, it would spin a yarn that would wring tears from a newspaper theatrical critic.

"Place that shoe (pointing to a dainty No. 2, as it glided by on the foot of a petite blonde) beside the one just spoken of, and it will form quite a contrast. The high French heel, arching instep, gracefully-tapered toe, were, indeed, things to be admired," and the artist's eye lingered critically until the wearer turned up a side street, obscuring the view.

"Here's a boot now that every one of the male persuasion should regard with a love that memory can not outlive. How well do I remember my first pair, just exactly like those—the red tops, copper toes, identically the same. Was there ever a prouder boy on earth? Was there ever any one of more consequence than I when I strutted about in my first boots? With head up in the air, turning from side to side to see that every one was cognizant of the fact that my feet were incased in new boots; hat on one side, hands in my pockets and fingers distended, to give as large an appearance to myself as possible. I felt that I was the envy of all the boys of my own age, and that all the little girls were admiring me. Hence, in my own estimation, I was the only boy in the world. Ah, well, it's all over now, and those little boots have given way to number twelves. See, there they are.

"But look; there goes a shoe that makes me shudder every time I see it. It seems to bear within the insignia of crime, and nine times out of ten, if you raise your eye from such a shoe to the face of the wearer, you will descry a brutal, hang-dog looking face, that would scare an average infant into a fit; or a handsome (?) pale face, with a wicked eye, that belongs to a pick-pocket or sneak-thief. Just look at the shoe, now—a broad, ungainly-looking thing, with a double-decker sole, turned sharply up at the toe, the whole ending with an unsightly box. Ugh! It makes me shudder to see it.

"But here's another. See the little toddler who has begun to walk so young that he is inclined to be bow-legged. Notice the little chunks of black at the end of his chubby legs. They are shoes that serve as mementoes of early days in nearly every family in America. We don't know for certain whether babies are proud of their first shoes or not. My observations in this direction have in some cases inclined me toward the affirmative and in others toward the negative. I do know, however, that the first thing the little fellow does when he has them put on his little feet is to kick as hard as he can to see if he can shake them off; and not succeeding, he grasps one at a time with his two dimpled fists and puts it into his rose bud mouth to see how it tastes.

"Now, here is a pair of shoes, a little out of the ordinary run; they were built for a hunting shoe, or boot, after the idea of a young gent here in town. They afford protection from cold, keep out snow and water and brace the leg.

"Then, here's the riding boot—a boot that might tell many a thrilling story were it imbued with life and furnished with a lively tongue. It's a pretty thing, isn't it? And I tell you, to see them filled with the calves of a good-looking young gent hanging gracefully on either side of a horse, is a sight for sore eyes."

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### Milk Venders of the Canary Islands.

Another industry is that of milk venders. Goats's milk is used almost exclusively. And instead of carrying the milk about in gourds or in cans, the goats themselves are driven into town every morning, and are milked in front of the purchaser's door—he himself or his servant inspecting the entire process. This certainly prevents the milkman from entering into silent partnership with the pump. Cows do not seem to be used for milk, but are employed very generally for draft. The yoke does not take hold of the fore-shoulders as with us, but are fastened to the forehead just below the horns; so that the cattle seem to bunt their load along rather than to draw it. I understood that the gain in this sort of harness is that thereby thereby they secure the strength of the neck as well as that of the body. If they would hitch to the top of the horns they might get the strength of those too.

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—Crit Davis, of Harrodsburg, Ky., purchased recently a chestnut coupe horse, 5 years old, sixteen hands high and very stylish, for Geerge A. Singerly.

### FASHION NOTES.

—Wide, white Hercules braid, fringed and knotted at the ends, forms the sash belt falling low on the hips of many frocks for girls of 12 to 15.

—When the sacque-form of frock is used for little girls it is now so trimmed as to simulate a long, round waist and full skirt, with high hip draperies,

—Pea-jackets are provided for cool days, and there are summer ulsters and dust coats for traveling. Play suits are made of thick twilled linen, and for country use mothers will find a blouse and kilt skirt of dark blue denims one of the most useful items in the outfit.

—The new silk mulls have stripes of mossy looking friese that are very pretty in combination with the thin foundation fabric. Other goods of this sort have stripes of satin and open-work, like revering. Yet others have an over-pattern resembling netted chenille, the heavy spots; where there is the appearance of knots, being made of thick plush.

—Coats and kilts of cheviot or flannel, and also of thick brown and gray linen are shown for country wear. For dressy suits there are jackets and kilts of fine linen duck or cord pique. These are worn with blouse waists of fine cambric having plain or embroidered ruffles at the neck and wrists, and also down the front. The kilt is attached to a half-fitting underwaist, and the blouse falls over it from beneath the jacket, which reaches only to the waist.

—For elegant summer evening gowns are displayed friese velvets on etamine grounds, and also very rich and beautiful Persian brocaded stripes on pale fawn and ecru canvas foundations, to be made up in conjuction with plain fabrics of like texture. Many of the less expensive serges, mohairs, camel's-hair goods, and like fabrics, are striped with lines of brilliant color; these lines are both wide and narrow, to suit individual taste. Summer homespuns are also shown, with plain goods for the overdress, with stripes en suite for the panels, vest, etc., or for the lower skirt entire.

—Other dresses have long half-fitting waists, and straight skirts in kilt-plaits set on. These skirts may have three tucks each about an inch wide, or they may be altogether plain. Some dresses for small boys are ornamented with simple braiding patterns on the collar, cuffs, belt, and the plaits of the waist. There are also suits of white pique with embroidery and insertion, but there are so many boyish styles and materials that these dresses do not find much favor among mothers who are willing that their sons should be boys.

—The new parasols are positive novelties, and are of beautiful design. There is one made of four rows of transparent Chantilly lace, with a handsome carved ebony handle. The Marie is of Spanish lace, in both black and white. The Marquise and Handrun are lace-covered parasols in white, black and beige colors, with olive-wood handles and gilt chains. The coaching club parasols are of numerous designs, with elaborate carved handles, in color showing a tendency to quieter tints than have been usual of late. There is one with alternate stripes of cardinal and mauve of transparent texture.

—There is a new black crape in the market that bids fair to eclipse in point of durability anything in this line. It is woven in the peculiar effect so familiar in English crape, and is dyed as a last process. It is evident that if it will go through the dyeing process without taking out the crimp, it must be able to withstand the wear and tear of ordinary use. There has been so much complaint of crape within the past few years that it has quite fallen into disrepute, and that there is something more reliable will be welcome news to those who fell constrained to wear it.

—Every-day suits for boys are made of gingham, linen, blue apron check or light flannels or suitings. They are in one-piece suits for younger boys, and in kilt suits for the next grade older. The little dresses that the well-grown boy at 2 or 2½ years should wear are made with a yoke, and either one box-plait down the middle of the back or each side of the middle, five box-plaits both in front and at the back, or with two in front and three in the back. These may be real plaits, or the material may be cut out underneath, making the waist cooler and lighter. The plaits are stitched down to the waist-line, and the fullness below this point makes the skirt. There may be a plain hem only, or the hem and several tucks above it. Some of these dresses are double-breasted and have two rows of buttons. Metal buttons or those of vegetable ivory are used on woolen goods, while pearl or bone buttons are more appropriate for washable materials.

—Flannel suits should be kept in suitable wearing condition throughout the entire season, and during the cold spells or long rainy seasons the little ones should be dressed in them. Of course every child wears gossamer underwear, and this with gingham or linen dresses does very well with ordinary weather; but there is a chilly dampness at intervals in our climate that requires something for proper protection. As soon as the boy, by reason of years or size, has outgrown his dresses, there are kilt suits of serge, flannel, camels'-hair or any of the light-weight wool fabrics that are ordinarily employed for boys' wear. The skirts are laid in deep plaits, often with a single, very wide box-plait in front and narrower plaits around the rest of the skirt. The coat can either be double or single-breasted, and there may be side or box-plaits or a vest, in the latter case the sides of the coat being slightly cut away at and below the waist-line. There are no collars on any of the new coats, the collar of the skirt waist upon which the skirt is buttoned turning over the neck of the coat, which is bound or faced with braid or stitched by machine. The cuffs of the shirt waist reach the wrists and show a line of white below the sleeves.

—Maud S. is being trained to trot without toe-weights.

### HORSE NOTES.

—A. J. Cassatt has purchased of Colonel Doswell, of Virginia, the promising 3-year-olds, Eolian and Eurus.

—Mr. Bonner's g. m. Russella, 6 years old, a full sister of Maud S., has been bred to Startle, sire of Majolica.

—A Denver (Col.) dispatch says that Clifton Bell, of that city, has purchased the California crack, Beaconsfield for $10,000.

—Mr. Duryea offers to match Adele Gould against Billy Button, to trot somewhere in New Jersey, on a half-mile track, on July 5.

—Lexter B. Goff has sold to Mr. A. C. Vail, of Plainfield, N. J., the bay mare Belle Mitchell, by Fiska's Hambletonian. Price, $2500.

—Detroit has raised the purses for the 2.27 and 2.25 classes on the Grand Circuit programme from $1000 to $1200, making the sum total of purses, $21,500.

—Pierre Lorillard has resigned the Presidency of the Monmouth Park Association, to which he was recently elected to succeed his brother, the late George L. Lorillard.

—C. N. Payn's blk. s. Boom was one of the entries to the free-for-all novelty race at Rochester, which did not fill. Harry Wilkes and Phil Thompson were the other entries.

—Mr. Joseph Aitken Coleman's mare, Lady Mambrino, by Mambrino Pilot, foaled on May 23, at Cedar Park Farm, a very promising colt, sired by Stranger, son of Goldsmith Maid.

—The b. g. Dart trotted a half mile in 1.03 at New York this week. The b. g. Colonel Wood did a mile in 2.25½, and S. N. Dickenson's pair of mares, Jane R. and Flora Hoff, trotted a mile in 2.27½.

—Mr. Kendall, the owner of the g. g. Don Carlos, by Highland Gray, has at his place at Melrose, N. Y., a full brother and sister to that horse—Roscoe C., g. s., 5 years old, and Florence, ch. m., 6 years old.

—Dynamite, a selling plater with only one eye, jumped through the inside fence in a race at Covington last week and was almost instantly killed. The jockey, Scott, escaped unhurt. It is a curious coincidence that the same rider was on Rowdy Boy, also a one-eyed animal, when the latter jumped over the fence at the Mobile December meeting.

—The following shows the ages at which some of the best trotters obtained their fastest records:

| | Age. | Time |
|---|---|---|
| Maud S. | 11 | 2.08¾ |
| Jay-Eye-See | 6 | 2.10 |
| St. Julien | 11 | 2.11¾ |
| Rarus | 11 | 2.13¼ |
| Maxy Cobb | 9 | 2.13½ |
| Phallas | 8 | 2.13¾ |
| Clingstone | 7 | 2.14 |
| Trinket | 6 | 2.14 |
| Goldsmith Maid | 17 | 2.14 |
| Hopeful | 12 | 2.14¾ |
| Harry Wilkes | 8 | 2.15 |
| Lulu | 12 | 2.15 |
| Majolica | 8 | 2.15 |
| Smuggler | 10 | 2.15¼ |
| Clemmie G | 7 | 2.15¼ |
| Hattie Woodward | 8 | 2.15½ |
| Phyllis | 11 | 2.15½ |
| Anteo | 6 | 2.16¼ |
| Edwin Thorne | 11 | 2.16¼ |
| Fannie Witherspoon | 10 | 2.16¼ |
| Lucile Golddust | 11 | 2.16¼ |
| Maud Messenger | 8 | 2.16¼ |
| Wilson | 8 | 2.16¼ |
| American Girl | 12 | 2.16½ |
| Darby | 9 | 2.16½ |
| Jerome Eddy | 7 | 2.16½ |
| Phil Thompson | 9 | 2.16½ |
| Charlie Ford | 9 | 2.16¾ |
| Occident | 10 | 2.16¾ |

—The Suburban handicap, which was run at Sheepshead Bay on Thursday, June 10th, resulted in an easy victory for S. S. Brown's br. c. Troubadour, by Lisbon, dam Glenluine, his time being 2.12¼. There were twenty starters. This was the third running of the Suburban, a sweepstakes for 3-year-olds and upward, at $100 each, half forfeit, $25 only if declared by February 20, with $2500 added, the second to receive $500 of the added money and 20 per cent. of the stakes, the third 10 per cent of the stakes. Troubadour carried 115 pounds. General Monroe won the first Suburban, with 124 pounds up, in 2.11¾, and Pontiac, last year's winner, made the distance (1¼ miles) in 2.09½, carrying 102 pounds. Mr. Brown is said to have won $42,600 on the victory of his horse outside of the stakes. The new York *World* of June 11, has this to say of the race: "In racing circles, especially since the Kentucky Derby was run, no other event has been so discussed. Of the eighty odd acceptances more than a dozen had been named as sure winners. Twenty riders weighed in and their names were promptly displayed, which showed that the public and the sporting writers generally had been very correct in their judgment of those that had good chance to win, for the only 'sure things' absent were Exile and Pontiac. The latter had never been considered a sure starter, while Exile after his race at the Beach on Wednesday developed a splint, and had to be 'scratched.' As to the twenty that did appear, they presented a magnificent spectacle. They got an even start, which was virtually a sure thing with the flag in Captain Connor's hands. They ran a good race, and while the finish was not as close or exciting as it was when General Monroe just beat War Eagle and Jack of Hearts, it was a good race cleverly won by Troubadour, with Richmond second. Away back in the ruck were the blasted hopes of thousands who had pinned their faith and invested their money on Joe Cotton, Favor, Ban Fox, Barnum, Lizzie Dwyer and Springfield, all of which had been named sure winners. Troubadour ran in the lead from start to finish, and won very easily. He was well ridden by Fitzpatrick, who never once became flurried, but simply let the horse rate along as close into the rails as he could run. The success of Captain Brown, who hails from Pittsburg, must have been very gratifying to him, especially as he not only landed a good stake, but raked in a good sum in bets, much of which was on at 70 to 1.

# PRANKS OF CASH-BOYS.

## HOW THEY WORRY THE CLERKS IN THE LARGE RETAIL STORES.

**Pinning Salesladies' Dresses and the Clerks' Coat-Tails to the Cushioned Stools—Wrapping Up Old Shoes for Customers—Subjected by Fines.**

"Cash!" cried the clerk in a prominent dry goods store as he dashed a paper between the leaves of an account-book and brought his pencil down on the counter several times. "I wish the proprietor would discharge every mother's rascal of these little wretches out of this building and get the patent railway in their stead. I can't find a boy whenever he is needed, but just let a pretty girl stand at this counter five minutes and there are instantly seven cash boys sweeping about this aisle. I'd hang a boy quicker than lightning, I would. His proper place is in a tread-mill, anyhow."

"What are the duties of a cash-boy?" asked the reporter, as he gazed around and saw several cotton-headed urchins flitting about here and there.

"He is the rivulet by which the financial drainage of the establishment trickles into exchequer," said the clerk grandiloquently. "He can be used for other purposes than collecting cash, and that is his only redeeming feature. A railway takes your book, your cash, and your pencil and sends them whirling up to the central desk and back while a boy is sparring with his fellow behind the pile of cloaks. It keeps the floor-walker busy watching him from morning till night, and if it were not that he is used occasionallp to carry bundles and remove the dust-cloths from goods in the morning, he would be absolutely of no use.

"The regulations in force in this house have pretty well subdued him, though. There is a fine attached to almost everything he does. If a boy goes up-stairs he is fined 10 cents, and if he is caught standing on his head or pommeling another boy away goes 25 cents more. That boy with the cropped hair yonder only drew three cents salary yesterday. There is a fine of two cents imposed for every minute a boy is late in the morning, and a fine of three cents for every minute he dallies in the cellar after dinner. If a boy stays in this establishment five years he will be the property of the boss. There was a little red-headed fellow here three years ago who used to owe the firm $3 every Saturdry night.

TURNING OUT TO BE MILLIONAIRES.

"I don't fancy they are sent here by their parents to make money. If they are no enterprise was ever more complete a failure. The combined wages of all these kids after the fines have been taken out would not be enough to feed and cloth a wooden Indian. Some parents would even pay a salary to have their boys in a store. There is such an opportunity to learn the business you know, and there are so many examples of cash-boys turning out to be millionaires, that parents think it is just the one great chance needed. In point of fact, the boys nearly all leave when they get big enough, and very few of them ever become second-rate clerks.

"There is a fiction here that a boy will be hanged if he is caught playing on the pavement, but the merciful law keeps its eyes closed continually or we would have no end of executions every day. You can write laws for criminals or govern grown people with reason, but you can't control a boy.

"When the saleslades were provided with seats inside the counter some time ago, a new field of rascality was opened to the little imps. Frequently, when the girls tried to rise on seeing a customer, their skirts were found to be pinned round the head of the stool. A girl tore her skirt in a horrible manner one day, when the proprietor stepped across the floor and called her by name. She got up from the seat rather suddenly, and the light summer goods that she had on parted at the waist. The timely arrival of a sister-saleswoman only prevented the young lady from fainting. As the cash-boys were not allowed to go inside the counter, the occurrence placed the clerks there in a bad light. An investigation was had and every cash-boy overhauled, but without any good effect. Not long after that tall clerk at the other end of the counter yonder rose up from his seat hurriedly one day and carried away the cushion on his coat tails. The gum arabic which is used to put labels on packages at the central desk, over there, had been smeared all over the seat. It cost him $3 to have his clothes cleaned and gave him a name which he will carry to his grave. He has been known in the store ever since as 'Gummy.'

"There is so much of the monkey about the average small boy that I fear there is no use in attempting to deny our common origin. If he sees anybody do a thing which strikes his fancy as being ingenious he will devote all his powers for the next three weeks in trying to accomplish the same action. We have an expert bundle-wrapper down stairs who has been the admiration of every urchin who has entered this establishment for years. He wraps a bundle with the dexterity of lightning and flings it back of him to receive the label showing where it is to be sent. The rage for wrapping caught the urchins some time ago as they stood around the bundle-table watching the man after dinner. The next day they devoted the whole dinner hour to wrapping bundles. Old shoes were caught up from all parts of the cellar and tied up in bundles, which only needed the label to send them on their way. Among the collection were a lot of broom-mats and old damaged calicoes that had been flung away in a corner after a fire. As there were a number of similar packages going to Northwest Baltimore that evening, the label-boy gathered them all together and stuck the address on the whole pack. Well, sir, I tell you there was some fun in the business office next morning as soon as seven irate women could get down on the cars. The proprietor was paralyzed, and ordered an immediate investigation. As it happened to be the 3d day of April, the women swore that they were being made the victims of a practical joke, and threatened to boycott the store. Any boy caught near that bundle table since has been fired without notice.

"One morning several years ago, when we had twice as many cash-boys as we have at present, everybody was astonished to see the ceiling covered over with paper men. They had little strings tied about their necks and were fastened to the fresco-work with spit-balls. All the doors of the house were open, and as the breeze entered the defunct army of paper men made quite a lively spectacle kicking each other on the legs. I need hardly say that nothing was ever learned regarding how they got there. The janitor and several assistants spent a whole week in getting them down. I think the little rascals had stuck the papers up there during the dining-hour, and they had remained unnoticed as long as the door was closed. There is much more rigidity here now than there was formerly, and altogether we have a pretty good crowd of boys. Some of the stores have dispensed with them altogether, and are now using the cash-cars exclusively. A cash-car makes a good deal of noise, it is true, but there is no danger of it ever putting a pin on the seat where you sit down to eat your dinner.—Baltimore Herald.

## A DOG WHICH HANKERED.

Recently, on a forenoon a farmer, whose wagon needed some repairs, stopped at a blacksmith's shop on one of the avenues. He had with him a dog almost as big as a yearling calf, and when the wagon was run into the shop the dog was tied to a post near the door. By and by quite a little crowd gathered to comment on his size and appearance, and along came an under-sized, common-looking cur and sat down about ten feet away. It was then the big dog swelled up and sent forth thunderous growls and howls. He scratched the earth. He demanded blood. He tugged at his chain with the strength of an ox.

"Don't anyone let that 'ere dog loose!" cautioned the farmer, as he came from the back end of the shop.

"S'posen we did?" queried one of the boys.

"Then he'd lessen the number of dogs in this village by fifty!"

The farmer went away, and the big dog continued to tug and strain to get at the little dog. The latter didn't seare worth a cent. He sat there as if he meant to stay to dinner. Everybody was wishing that the big dog would get loose, when along came a man who stopped and asked:

"What's the trouble?"

"That big dog wants to get free."

"Oh, he does? Well, I'll help him to."

He walked up to the post and cut the rope, and the next instant the big dog and the little dog were so mixed up that one could hardly separate them.

But this lasted only a minute. All at once the big dog broke for the sidewalk and up the street, and the little dog hung to his hind leg for at least a hundred feet. The farmer came out to see his Jumbo legging it for the country, while the little dog sat down on the curbstone watching his flight, and he turned to the yelling crowd and exclaimed:

"What are you fools laffin'at? Didn't I tell you my dog wouldn't be mean enough to fight anything less'n a panther?"

## ADJOURNED THE COURT.

A man who was summoned to serve on a jury began to make excuses, when the judge, interrupting him, said:

"Never mind all that. You should know, sir, that it is your duty to serve your country. The fact that your business is likely to suffer is no excuse. Such men are summoned every day.

"Hold on, Judge, you ain't heard all my excuse yet."

"I don't want to hear it."

"But you must."

"I tell you that I will not. Mr. Sheriff—"

"Jest a minit, Jedge, an' then ef you say I must sarve, why, I'll sarve. Me an' a lot o' fellers was playin' poker when the officer—"

"Poker!" exclaimed the judge. "Why, dear fellow, where's the game? I'll jine you. Mr. Sheriff, adjourn the court."

## DOES FOR UNDERSTAND CORNERS.

Minister (to deacon of the church)—"I want to refer to a matter, my dear deacon, that has been preying on my mind for some time. I am sure you will overlook any apparent meddling in your affairs, knowing that I only speak for your own good."

Deacon (cordially)—"Certainly, my dear sir, speak your mind freely."

Minister—"I understand you have been speculating a good deal of late. Now, aside from the danger of such a business and the consequent misery it may entail upon your family, do you consider it just the proper thing for a deacon of the—"

Deacon—"Yes. I admit that I have speculated some. I cleared five thousand dollars only yesterday on a wheat transaction."

Minister (astounded)—"No, is that so? What's wheat worth to-day?"

## HE WAS A BUSINESS MAN.

It was at a railway junction in Illinois. Several passengers were waiting for the train, and one of them was so nervous and impatient that a fellow-traveler finally said:

"You seem to be very anxious to reach home."

"So I am. Every hour is worth ten dollars to me. I got a dispatch at Pekin that fifty-one of my hogs have shown the first symptoms of cholera."

"And you are in a hurry to administer a remedy of course?"

"A remedy? No, sir; I don't fool away my time and money on remedies. I want to get them hogs into Chicago and sold before sundown to-morrow, and it's going to be a mighty close shave."

## LACK OF BRILLIANCY.

"Bromley, you never heard such an eloquent sermon before, I am sure. There was no lagging of interest. Such brilliant passages—"

"Yes, Darringer, I admit that. Still, I slept during one of the passages.

"You did, eh? Why, Bromley, what passage was it?"

"The passage of the collection basket."

It wasn't true that a pot of money was dug up by a lot of workmen in Huntingdon county. Money is not found in potfuls any more—a fellow must work for it if he wants it.


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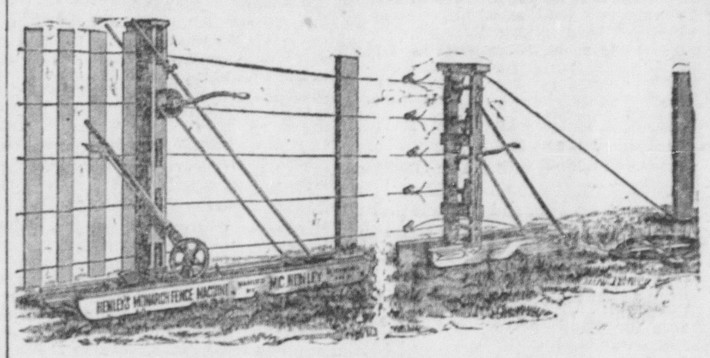


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IS THE BEST AND HAS NO EQUAL.

1 Because the wire is stretched the full length of the field before the weaving is commenced.
2 Because any sized wire can be used, and either 2, 3, 4, or 5 double strands can be used, weaving all with equal facility.
3 Because any size, length, or style of picket, or slat, or board, can be used, weaving fancy iron pickets equally well and solid.
4 Because it will make a fence over rough and uneven ground, or up and down hill alike, making as good a fence as on even, level ground; and the machine being adjustable, the pickets are all woven plumb.
5 Because the Monarch machine stretches the wire tighter, thus making the strongest and best wire and picket fence.
6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and repair.
7 Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time.
8 Because the price is within the reach of every farmer.
9 Because it is the only machine that forces the slat or picket firmly against the wire, thus securing the slat in such a solid and and permanent manner that it cannot be pulled out, and breakage is impossible.
10 Because the fence made by this machine will turn all kinds of stock, and is much stronger than any barb wire fence, and completely obviates all danger of injury to stock.
11 Because by weaving past the post, and fastening the wire strands to the posts with staples, and not nailing the slats to posts, thus keeping the wood parts from coming in contact with each other, it will not hold the moisture or rot. This is a very important matter, as all boards in board fences soon rot off at post, and occasion continued expense for repair.
12 Because all kinds of old material can be used for making new fence.
13 Because it makes the handsomest, best, strongest, and most durable fence, and is the only first-class, practical fence machine in the world.

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KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

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# MY FRIEND'S SNORE.

## AN ARTISTIC, SYMMETRICAL AND WELL-REGULATED PERFORMANCE.

**An Article That Leaves Absolutely Nothing to the Imagination—Inspires in the Hearer a Profound Reverence—Savages on the War Path—Finale.**

I have a friend who snores. My friend's snore is like himself, whole-souled, self-satisfied, unctuous, able-bodied—in fact, the kind of snore that leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination. In my opinion my friend's snore is not equalled in this part of the country, and I ought to know, for I've sat up with it nearly every night since it was a shrill treble snore in knee-pants, watched over it with more or less tender solicitude during the trying period in which its voice changed and its mustache sprouted, and celebrated its arrival at the fullness of its deep baritone maturity by congratulating the other members of my friend's family upon their fatal connection with a steamboat excursion early in the fifties. I say I have sat up with my friend's snore all these years out of regard for the truth. My friend and I have always roomed together and always occupied the same bed, but never slept together; he slept but I didn't; I lay awake to hear him snore. My temperament is artistic in the extreme. Nothing inspires in me such profound reverence as a thoroughly perfect and artistic achievement of any kind, therefore nothing could induce me to fall asleep during the progress of the symphony which my friend nightly performs in his nasal organ. Symphony is a good word. It defines the situation exactly. My friend's snore is not, like that of ordinary individuals, a series of aimless vibrations of the uvula; it has an object in view. It is a symmetrical and well-regulated performance—curtain rises to slow music, and when the climax is reached, curtain falls in a blaze of green light with plenty of thunder and lightning. Each performance consists of one act only, which invariably commences an hour after my friend has retired and continues till his alarm clock has awakened him to a remembrance of those minor duties which the day demands of him.

VIRGIN FORESTS OF MINNESOTA.

The steamboat explosion above referred to is the circumstance which brought all these facts within my grasp. On account of this painful incident, my friend, at the tender age of three and a half years, became an orphan. Unable to penetrate the misty veil of the future, my father, who happened along at the time of the explosion, did not leave the boy to perish among the debris of the ill fated boat and worse-fated passengers, but fished him out and warmed him in the bosom of his family. Thus at a tender age we were thrown together, and despite the orphan's infirmity, which was not long in coming to the surface, we became firm friends. The scenes of our youth were the rolling prairies and virgin forests of Minnesota, and our companions, from necessity, chosen from the youth of the neighboring friendly band of Sioux and Winnebagoes. Ere we were out of our teens the pipe of peace we had smoked with these bands was broken into a thousand pieces and the fragments drenched with blood. The blow came without a moments warning and the day before it fell will still be vivid in our memories where recollections of other days have vanished. How distinctly I recall each incident of that memorable day as, now at midnight on March 21, 1886, I recline upon one elbow and gaze upon the face of my snoring friend! The curtain has just risen, and more plainly than words the pleased expression on my friend's face, and the peculiar gurgling cackle which apparently issues from the neighborhood of his epiglottis, recalls to my mind a wigwam on the bank of a river. I am reclining in the shade while my friends amuses himself by taking various liberties with the embryo warriors in different stages of nakedness and dirtiness, who swarm about the wigwam.

THE PHENOMENA GOING ON.

At 1 a. m. the pleased expression is still on my friend's face, but he has drawn out another stop and the windows begin to rattle cheerfully. As plainly as I can view the phenomena going on in the region of my friend's larynx, my mind's eye sees him seize one of the dirtiest of the young savages, and holding him by the heels, souse him, kicking and whooping, in the river. At 3 a. m. the occasional bits of plaster which fall from the ceiling again freshen my memory, and I see distinctly the fast and furious fun my friend is having with the little savages on the river bank. For an instant something seems to stick in my friend's throat. He is pulling out another stop. The pans and plates in the kitchen rattle in sympathy with the result, and the expression of my friend's face becoming more serious, I notice an ill-favored squaw emerge from the wigwam brandishing a huge knife. Another stop and the loud pedal. Bless me, how the bed groans and the foundations of the house tremble! Then scrowling braves follow the squaw and draw their knives. My friend suddenly realizes his danger and flies, pursued by the braves with drawn knives. Good heavens! My friend's entire anatomy must be lined with boiler iron! The savages are gaining on him—a chromo is shaken from its moorings on the wall. My friend stumbles—he falls—the savages are upon him!

The alarm clock goes off, and the curtain falls.

"I feel as though I'd been dreaming," my friend mutters, as he gets into his trowsers. I answer him not a word but sink exhausted on my pillow, and sleep the sleep of the innocent till the sun is high in the heavens.—Curtis J. Dunham—in the Current.

**The Calker and the Shark.**

A Ship Calker who was at work on a Staging had the Misfortune to fall into the Sea, and he had scarcely struck the water when a Shark put in an appearance and said:

"It was very Kind of you, Indeed; but you are such a Small Chap, you Know."

"I'll go Aboard and ask the Cook, who weighs Two Hundred Pounds, to come down in my Place," Answered the Calker.

"Thanks, and he needn't be at all Particular to Remove his Tobacco-box or Boots."

When the Calker was Safely Aboard he Mocked at the Shark, and a Turtle on a Rock pulled down his Vest and Soliloquized:

Moral—"When I step over a Dime to look Beyond it for a Quarter I shall expect to Dine on Wind."—Detroit Free Press.

**No Family Should Be Without it.**

The Leader can be had six months for:
One bushel of corn,
One bushel of meal,
Five dozen eggs,
One-half pound of ginseng,
Half a wagon load of stove wood,
Two good coonskins,
Or two new yearly subscribers.

Double the amount of either of the above mentioned articles and get this splendid paper for one year.—London (Ky.) Leader.

The cloven foot is often covered with patent leather.—Chicago Ledger.

## COLOR OF THE SEA.

For years, as the reader is aware, numerous scientific expeditions have been fitted out and despatched by the governments of England, Norway, Germany and America for the express purpose of exploring the secrets of the deep. Among the problems which have now, for the first time, received a satisfactory solution, new light has also been thrown upon the conditions which affect the color of the sea water in every part of the ocean; thus completing the information for which we were indebted to the unaided exertions of earlier travelers. One of the most remarkable, and most widely distributed contrasts of color, is that which is known to exist between the intensely blue seas situated between the tropics and the green seas of higher latitudes. It appears, as the result of recent observations, and more especially of a series of experiments made on board the German frigate Gazelle, and there is an intimate relation between the color of sea water and the proportion of salt held in solution by the latter. On comparing the specific gravity of green water with that of blue water, it is found that the latter is always heavier than the former, and therefore, at the same time more salt, the two differently colored waters being supposed to have the same temperature. In other words, the greater or lesser intensity of the blue color of sea water may be taken as a direct index of the saltness, and of its specific gravity, so that when we observe the color of the water successively change from a deep blue to a bluish green and a dark green, we may conclude that the water has become at the same time less salt and less heavy. The result agrees with the experience of navigators in every part of the ocean, for as the vessel proceeds from the dense and salt waters of the tropical regions toward the lighter and fresher waters of higher latitudes, and of the Polar regions, the color of the sea is seen to change from an intense blue to a greenish blue and green tint. There are, however, numerous exceptions. Green seas are met with between the tropics, and blue seas are encountered in the temperate region, and even within the Arctic circle, but these exceptions, far from contradicting, only tend to confirm the above rule.

## WINNOWING LITERATURE.

By some kind of spell all the old books, whose names have been rattled off for generations in essays, speeches, and in table-talk, pass as embodiments of merit, while the real truth is those names won their popularity in a vulgar age, and have now outlived their merit. Notoriety does not imply good character. This law holds true among books as among men. What was once famous will long remain so. It will be just as difficult to erase from history the names of Aaron Burr and Guiteau as those of Whittier or Emerson. Fame does not imply value, it implies only fame. It is painfully interesting to hear the girl and boy graduates allude in their exhibition speeches and essays to authors whose books it is hoped they have never read—authors many fathoms lower in taste than the graduates who are bestowing the panegyrics. Many pass all through life reading and talking without having actually found out the downright vulgarity of authors whose names have always stood only in a great light of fame. It is the duty of the men and women now in the world to make an examination into this matter of name or fame, and learn how this fame came to pass, for if it was created out of a period less refined than our own then we are not bound to perpetuate it any more than we are bound in our ordinary conversation to use the coarse terms common in the older periods in other lands.

One of the grand spectacles of our times is this one of a purer literature. It is the whitest age in this respect the human race has yet seen. The efforts made here and there by some one mind to place upon the market low forms of thought meet with scorching rebuke from all the papers and magazines of the land. There seems a growing desire that our books, newspapers and dramas shall be free from all that coarseness which so characterizes barbarism and which so mars all it touches.

## LIGHTHOUSES.

One of the beneficent consequences of Roman conquest was the erection of lighthouses in the countries the Romans annexed. At Corunna one of their lighthouse-towers is still in use for its original purpose. In England the Roman Pharos at Dover Castle is still standing which guided the oyster-laden barks of the civilized Britons in their perilous voyage from Ritupiæ (Richborough) to the Gesioriacum, the modern Boulogne, where there was a corresponding Roman Pharos of octagonal shape, one hundred and twenty-five feet high, built by the Emperor Caligula on the highest part of the cliff. Though erected a "bowshot" from the edge, the sea, in the course of ages, undermined the cliff, and the lighthouse fell in 1644. It is supposed, with good reason, that similar "Phair" were built by the Romans, during their occupation on Flamborough Head, in Flintshire, and on sundry prominent headlands of the British coast. At all these places it is supposed that wood fires were the means of illumination.


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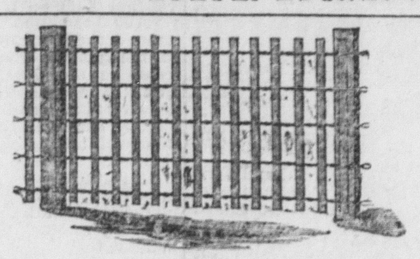
SCROFULA

Usually develops in early life, and is a peculiar morbid condition of the system, usually affecting the glands, often resulting in swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, thickening of the lips, enlarged neck, sore eyes. A scrofulous condition is often hereditary, but bad diet, too free use of fat meats, bad air, want of sunshine and nourishing food will induce it. Some people are troubled with scrofulous swelling of the glands, and with ulcers and kernels, which may cause very little pain; others may have inward scrofula, scrofula of the lungs, scrofula of the spleen, scrofula of the kidneys, and scrofula of the bones. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will drive away any case of scrofula and not to appear in another place, for their action on the blood and bowels will carry the disease entirely from the body.



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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—On and after May 30, 1886.

| | WESTWARD. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| ERIE MAIL leaves | Philadelphia | | | 11 20 p m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | | 3 30 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | | 5 26 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | | 7 10 a m |
| " | " | Jersey Shore | | 7 35 a m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | | 7 58 a m |
| " | " | Renovo | | 9 25 a m |
| " | arr at | Erie | | 5 15 p m |
| NEWS EXPRESS leaves | Philadelphia | | | 4 30 a m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | | 8 10 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | | 10 12 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | | 11 15 a m |
| " | arr at | Lock Haven | | 12 10 p m |
| NIAGARA EXP. leaves | Philadelphia | | | 7 40 a m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | | 11 25 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | | 1 26 a m |
| " | arr at | Williamsport | | 2 30 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | | 3 45 p m |
| " | " | Renovo | | 4 45 p m |
| " | " | Kane | | 9 25 p m |
| FAST LINE leaves | Philadelphia | | | 11 50 p m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | | 3 45 p m |
| " | " | Montandon | | 5 54 p m |
| " | " | Williamsport | | 7 10 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | | 8 02 p m |
| " | arr at | Renovo | | 9 00 p m |
| | (Sunday Train. | | | |
| SUNDAY MAIL leaves | Philadelphia | | | 4 30 a m |
| " | " | Harrisburg | | 7 40 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | | 9 57 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | | 10 40 a m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | | 11 33 a m |
| " | arrives | Renovo | | 12 30 p m |

| | EASTWARD. | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| SEA SHORE EXP. leaves | Lock Haven | | | 7 05 a m |
| " | " | Jersey Shore | | 7 35 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | | 8 15 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | | 9 16 a m |
| " | arr at | Harrisburg | | 11 30 a m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | | 3 15 p m |
| DAY EXPRESS leaves | Kane | | | 6 25 a m |
| " | " | Renovo | | 10 20 a m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | | 11 15 a m |
| " | " | Williamsport | | 12 25 p m |
| " | " | Montandon | | 1 26 p m |
| " | arr at | Harrisburg | | 3 25 p m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | | 6 50 p m |
| RENOVO ACC'N leaves | Renovo | | | 4 00 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | | 5 00 p m |
| " | " | Williamsport | | 6 20 p m |
| " | " | Montandon | | 7 23 p m |
| " | arrives at | Harrisburg | | 9 30 p m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | | 4 45 a m |

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundry.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| ERIE MAIL leaves | Erie | | | 2 45 p m |
| " | " | Renovo | | 11 00 p m |
| " | " | Lock Haven | | 11 58 p m |
| " | " | Williamsport | | 1 25 a m |
| " | " | Montandon | | 2 26 a m |
| " | arr at | Harrisburg | | 4 30 a m |
| " | " | Philadelphia | | 8 25 a m |

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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| Westward. P M | A.M. | A.M. | STATIONS. | Eastward. A M | P.M. | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 30 | 10 15 | 5 50 | Montandon | 9 10 | 1 15 | 5 50 |
| 1 45 | 10 29 | 6 05 | Lewisburg | 9 00 | 1 00 | 5 35 |
| 1 55 | | 6 15 | Hicht | 8 51 | | 5 25 |
| 2 03 | | 6 22 | Vicksburg | 8 45 | | 5 18 |
| 2 16 | | 6 33 | Mifflinburg | 8 33 | | 5 05 |
| 2 35 | | 6 48 | Millmont | 8 18 | | 4 48 |
| 2 43 | | 6 56 | Laurelton | 8 12 | | 4 42 |
| 2 45 | | 7 49 | Coburn | 7 23 | | 3 45 |
| 3 55 | | 7 56 | Zerby | 7 15 | | 3 30 |
| 4 15 | | 8 10 | Rising Spring | 6 06 | | 3 12 |
| 4 27 | | 8 19 | Penn Cave | 6 58 | | 2 59 |
| 4 40 | | 8 27 | Centre Hall | 6 50 | | 2 48 |
| 4 50 | | 8 34 | Gregg | 6 42 | | 2 32 |
| 5 04 | | 8 45 | Linden Hall | 6 36 | | 1 18 |
| 5 13 | | 8 52 | Oak Hall | 6 30 | | 1 08 |
| 5 20 | | 8 55 | Lemont | 6 25 | | 2 00 |
| 5 27 | | 9 03 | Dale Summit | 6 20 | | 1 52 |
| 5 45 | | 9 14 | Pleasant Gap | 6 09 | | 1 33 |
| 5 50 | | 9 19 | Axemann | 6 04 | | 1 25 |
| 6 00 | | 9 25 | Bellefonte | 6 00 | | 1 15 |

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 8.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.45 p m and 7.30 p m.

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### A Curl.

To-night as I turned back the pages
Of a book Time had fingered before,
And whose leaves he'd the odor of ages,
And imprints of much usage wore,
A little brown curl I discovered,
That fell from the book to the floor.

Had I sinned? Heaven grant me its pardon!
Did a lover's sad tear the page spot?
Who pressed there the gem of the garden,
The flower "forget-me-not?"
It lay as if carved on a gravestone,
And all of its sweetness forgot.

I held the curl up to the lamp-light,
And, watching the gleam of its gold,
There I heard with the rush of the midnight
A sad little story it told:
But I promised the sacred old volume
Its secret I would not unfold.

But I would that the world knew its sorrow,
The story I must not reveal,
But go to your book-case to-morrow
And each to your own heart appeal,
And you'll know why the tattered old volume
The little curl tries to conceal.

## THE SNOW BLOCKADE

In the fall of 1884 I was at St. Paul. My friend, John Hall, conductor, had persuaded me to go with him over the Northern Pacific road to San Francisco. It was late in the season, and I feared a blockade. However, I provided myself with a basket of provisions, for use in case my fears were realized, and started on my journey.

When I reached the depot I found a gentleman and lady seated in my sleeper. I had scarcely time to take a good look at the latter—and in fact I could not make much out of my inspection, for she was heavily veiled—when Hall entered, and passing me with a hasty "good-morning," went up to the lady's companion. I was busy storing away my numerous traps, and did not hear what was said, until, as it was getting near the time to start, Hall observed that he must go and see if all was clear. Then I caught these words:

"Look well after Mrs. Forsyth, Hall, and when you give up the train, speak to the next conductor about her."

"I will do my best for the lady, sir," said Hall, who a moment after left the car.

"You'll have the drawing-room to yourself," continued Mrs. Forsyth's escort, "and need not be bothered with any one."

My back was toward the speaker, and in a little side mirror between the windows I saw that he cast a suspicious and significant glance in my direction as he spoke the last words.

In a moment more he was gone, and we were started on our long journey. My solitary companion retreated to her room, and I was left a rather desolate master of the situation.

With the help of newspapers, books and an occasional word with Hall as he passed through the car, the morning passed quickly enough. We were to carry a dining-car the first day or day and a half—a fact that also added to my sense of general satisfaction.

When the first call for dinner was made, I was not long in answering it, but quick as I was, many others had been before me, and I was fortunate in securing the last table. Scarcely had I comfortably seated myself and settled on the details of my dinner, when Hall entered, piloting the lady who had been spoken of as Mrs. Forsyth. Seeing that all the tables had one or more occupants, he brought her over to the one at which I sat. He introduced me, placed her opposite, and to say that I was charmed with her face would be to give only a very faint indication of my feelings. She appeared to be about 23 or 24 years of age, and was dressed in mourning, though not of a sufficiently distinctive character to tell whether or not she was a widow. I must, confess, however, that even at the moment the question occurred to me, I wished that it might be decided in the affirmative.

The meal passed off delightfully at least to me, and I managed to ascertain that I should have Mrs. Forsyth's company for the greater portion of the journey, her destination being Seattle. I took her back to our car, when she again withdrew into the drawing-room, and I resolved to smoke the soothing cigar. In search of company and a chat, I sought the smoker of the next car, which was occupied exclusively by men, who after a time dropped one or two quiet hints about the enviableness of my position, and their desire to exchange berths. By-and-bye a little game of poker was proposed, and would have doubtless helped to pass a good deal of time, but a clergyman read us such a lecture on the sin of gambling that no one felt quite disposed to materialize as one of his "terrible examples." So, after a while, I went back to my own car and my books. At supper time, as Mrs. Forsyth's door was open, I ventured to ask her if I might have the pleasure of taking her to the table, and was rewarded by a gracious smile and a prompt acquiescence. Although I tried, without seeming to be inquisitive, to skirt round the subject, I did not succeed in gaining any information as to her matrimonial condition. The next day, however, I was fortunate enough to discover that I had two or three times met Mrs. Forsyth's single sister when she had been visiting some mutual acquaintances in San Francisco. This fact served as a far better introduction than Hall's had been, and in the more intimate conversation that followed I at last learned with delight that Mrs. Forsyth was a widow of over a year's standing, and that she was intending to make her future home with her sister.

We lost our dining-car, much to our regret, on the second day. The third day saw snow incessantly descending, and Mrs. Forsyth began to prophesy all kinds of disasters, and even suggested the advisability of her lying over at the next station of any size. From following this course she was, however, dissuaded by the joint eloquence of Hall and myself. Each hour that I spent in her society added to the charm that was rapidly stealing over me, by discovering new similarities in tastes or ideas, and even by an occasional warmly contested argument on slight points of difference.

When I awoke on the fourth morning the windows were thickly crusted with ice, and though I could not scrape a place through which to observe our rate of progress, I felt sure from the motion that we were making little headway. I began to feel a sensible yearning to reach the breakfast station, and was meditating getting a cracker from my basket, when Hall came in, and expressed some surprise at seeing me up and dressed.

"I think it was hunger that roused me out," I answered. "That supper last night was pretty queer. Are we near the breakfast station?"

"The Forks are about fifteen miles ahead."

"And how long will it take to get there?"

"I don't think we'll get much farther yet awhile."

"Do you mean we're going to get stuck?"

"Guess so," replied Hall with a calmness which under the circumstances was a little aggravating.

"Well, if we can't get ahead, can't we go back?"

"Afraid not. We put on an extra engine and a plow last night. There's no switch near, and the cuts have filled up behind us."

"Then what are you going to do?" I asked, a little hotly.

"Stay till we're dug out. I've got telegraph instruments on board. When we do stick—won't be long now—I'll cut a wire and ask for a relief party."

"What about food?"

"Oh! they'll manage to send some from the Forks, by men on snow-shoes. They did last year."

I silently thanked Providence, for my well-stocked basket.

"Don't say anything," whispered Hall, as he heard the door of the drawing-room open. "Let me break it; I'm used to letting 'em down gently." Then turning to Mrs. Forsyth, who by that time had come out, said, cheerily: "Good-morning, ma'am; hope you didn't find it too cold to sleep?"

"Oh no, thank you, "she replied; then, after saying "good-morning" to me, she again addressed Hall. "We seem to be going very slowly, and the windows are so frosted I can't see how deep the snow is."

"We're pushing ahead first rate," said the unmoved and unblushing conductor. "You don't feel the motion because the snow deadens the vibration."

Hall looked at me with a certain tremulousness about his left upper eyelid.

"Shall we breakfast soon?" was Mrs. Forsyth's next question.

"Well, it may be some little time," answered Hall.

"Oh, dear!" she gasped, in the prettiest way imaginable, "and I feel quite faint."

I dived for my basket. "I have some things here. We might manage to make a picnic breakfast."

"No, no; I won't trouble you. I'd rather wait till I can get some tea."

"I think you had better accept Mr. Austin's offer," suggested Hall. "We may be a little late getting to the regular breakfast station."

"Please let me be your host," I urged. "I can even give you tea or coffee. Here's a spirit-lamp and a little saucepan, and I have—let me see—cold beef, curried chicken, foie gras, ox tongue, anchovy paste, a pot of marmalade, lots of crackers, sugar, condensed milk, and all the et-cæterus."

"Quite a larder, I declare," said Mrs. Forsyth, laughingly, as I finished checking off the contents of my basket. "How stupid of me not to bring anything except some fruit, and one cannot live on fruit—out of Eden."

"I'll fix up a table," observed Hall, losing no time in putting his intention into action. "The porter's tired out; we kept him up late last night. Now, you're all comfortable, I'll see how the others are getting on."

"What shall I open for you?" I asked, as I stood, can-opener in hand.

"Oh, I don't know; anything you like."

"I like them all. Suppose we have a feast?" and I began to make a reckless assault on the curried chicken.

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "one meat will be plenty."

"Will you be kind enough to make the tea?" I asked, as I handed the necessary implements and material.

"Certainly. What a dear little lamp and sauce-pan! I am sure they'll make delicious tea!"

"I have no doubt of it with your help. I'm sorry to say I haven't any butter. Didn't think it would keep."

"No matter; I like crackers soaked in my tea."

Infatuated as I was, I could not express my agreement with that essentially feminine predilection. I dished out the chicken as gracefully as I could, and we began our repast while the tea was drawing.

Presently Mrs. Forsyth looked at me and laughed. "This is funny, isn't it?"

"I think it's very jolly."

"Oh! I don't mean the breakfast, but my sitting down as your guest, when, three days ago, I had never seen you."

"I assure you," I said, "I'm an eminently respectable and proper person—that is, for a lawyer. The conductor can vouch for me. He has known me for years."

"Yes, he gave you a character."

"Then you inquired?" I asked eagerly.

"Oh, no," she answered, with a shade of mischief in her tone; "he volunteered the information."

"How good this tea is!" I observed, tasting some that she had handed me. "I never could have made it so well myself."

"It certainly is nice, but it's not due to my skill, but to the quality of the tea."

I, of course, dissented from this view, and took several cups—or at least glasses, for I had no cups—of that tea, which I was willing to swear was the most delicious beverage ever prepared.

We were just finishing when Hall came back and said: "Glad to see you getting on so comfortably."

"Yes, remarked Mrs. Forsyth; "the road is so smooth we could without any inconvenience."

"You give the road too much credit, ma'am. The fact is, we haven't moved the last thirty minutes."

"You don't mean to say we're at the station already?"

"No, ma'am; we're stuck."

"Stuck!" repeated Mrs. Forsyth.

"Yes—in the snow. Can't budge an inch. I've telegraphed for relief."

"Oh, dear me! When shall we get out?"

"I hope to-morrow," answered Hall who assuredly disregarded truth in his desire to make things as pleasant as possible.

"Can't you back down?" asked the lady, after a brief pause, evidently spent in an inward struggle.

"No, ma'am."

"What shall we do?"

"We can only wait, ma'am. They'll try to send some provisions from the Forks by this evening."

"And in the meantime there is my basket," I observed in as cheerful a tone as I could command. I had been yearning to offer my sympathy during Hall's explanation, but thought it best not to interfere with the process which he called "letting 'em down easy."

"I was so anxious to get quickly to Seattle!" said Mrs. Forsyth. "I think I'll go and lie down for a little while. Perhaps I'll be able to get some sleep."

"She took it better than I expected," observed Hall, as the door hid her from our sight.

"She's a regular brick!" I exclaimed, with an amount of enthusiasm that would have done credit to a more fitting and tender designation.

"For all that, she's gone to have a good cry. Best thing for her; will do her lots of good. Come and have a smoke."

I thought Hall was an unfeeling brute, and I didn't consider I should be much better if I smoked while she was crying. Still, I went, and as I puffed at my cigar I regretted that Mrs. Forsyth could not know the consolation of tobacco.

In the afternoon Mrs. Forsyth resumed her usual cheerful demeanor, and even ventured out for a few minutes on the platform to look at the walls of snow by which we were overshadowed. We had recourse to the friendly basket for dinner, and in the late afternoon we had some little excitement attendant on the arrival of the snow-shoe party, bringing up some cold meat and stale bread, which we considered vastly inferior to our tinned supplies. The novelty of the situation and the discussion of the chances of speedy extrication whiled away the day, which to me, at any rate, did not seem a long one. When I got up the next morning affairs did not seem to have changed. There was no sign of Mrs. Forsyth's stirring, so I went forward to find Hall and hear if there was any news. Unfortunately there was not, and after a brief talk I returned, and was agreeably surprised to find my fair fellow-passenger sitting in the car, with an expression on her face which I flattered myself indicated wonder as to what had become of me.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Forsyth. Were you pondering as to what had become of me?"

"Not at all," she answered, cooly; "I am scarcely awake enough to think about anything."

"Well, now for breakfast," I said endeavoring to hide my chagrin by wrestling with the basket. "What is to be this morning;—you know the menu."

"But I can't go on living on your provisions. Suppose we should have to stay here another day or two. Why, they would be all gone."

"You have no choice, unless it is the tough salt beef and very stale bread the snow-shoers brought. The only things worth their bringing were the beer and whisky."

"That's just like a man."

"I wouldn't like to be like anything else. What do you say to some ox tongue? I'll open the tin while you make some tea." Then, as she gracefully began the necessary preparations, I ventured to add: "Upon my word, it begins to seem quite natural having you sit at my table and make my tea."

"Does it? Well, I sincerely hope I sha'nt have to do it much longer. What's the prospect of our getting out?"

"Not very brilliant. The snow is packed tight in the cut for two miles solid."

"How awful! Wouldn't it be possible to get to the next station over the snow?"

"Only on snow-shoes. There is frozen crust on the snow that will bear anything. The relief party had the greatest trouble in getting there."

"How stupid of me to venture at this time of the year! But Fanny urged me to! She's been expecting me ever since I finally arranged my poor husband's affairs."

The widow's handkerchief went up to her eyes. I silently anathematized the deceased, and wished she wouldn't refer to him, especially at meal times.

By the aid of cards, talk, a very little reading, and two more assaults on the basket, we got through the second day of our imprisonment. Each hour saw my subjugation grow more and more complete, and I had to keep careful guard over my tongue for fear I should prematurely betray my feelings, and perhaps, through my impetuosity, lose all hope. It was true that Mrs. Forsyth grew more friendly and confidential, but she possessed a quiet though very effective way of checking any attempts to digress into tenderness.

The third morning again showed no apparent change in the outside situation. When Hall came in he, however, appeared unusually cheerful.

"You look as if we were going to get out," I remarked.

"Not yet awhile. But that frost last night was splendid, I've got a message this morning that the Forks Snow-shoe club will come down early this afternoon, with extra snow-shoes, and that any of the men who think they can manage it may try to get to the Forks. I suppose you have been on shoes often?"

"Yes; but to tell you the truth, I'm not particularly anxious to get away."

Hall broke into a quiet laugh. "I thought I saw which way the wind was blowing."

I didn't quite relish his amusement, and was about to remonstrate and explain, when suddenly a brilliant idea struck me."

"Hall," I exclaimed, "I want you to do something for me, and I'll be grateful all my life."

"What is it?"

"When Mrs. Forsyth and I are at breakfast, I want you to—" At this moment the latch of her door clicked. I stopped, and pulling him along, said: "Come outside; I can tell you in a minute or two, but she musn't hear."

On the platform I confided to him my scheme. What it was, and how it worked, the reader will soon learn.

On my return I lighted the lamp, put on the water, and soon had the simple breakfast ready. Mrs. Forsyth did not keep me long waiting. When she came in she took her usual seat, and did not make her customary protestations about deplenishing my stock. I took this to be a good sign, and my spirits rose accordingly. She cast an amused glance at my preparations, and said: "You're getting to be quite a domestic man. Suppose I had been shut up here with disagreeable people, and with scarcely anything fit to eat. I really don't know what I should have done without you."

"Don't you?" I cried; "please say that again."

"You mustn't spoil your palate with too many sweet things. Any news this morning."

"Hall is expecting some every moment. He was going to the wire when I left him."

"I wish he could send us through by wire."

"I am not in a hurry."

"But I am. Think of my sister.

"I prefer to think of her sister."

At this moment Hall came in. His preternaturally solemn expression caught Mrs. Forsyth's eyes, and I believe spared me a rebuke.

"Why, conductor, what a long face you wear this morning! Surely things can't be worse than yesterday."

"I am afraid you won't like it, ma'am. The fact is, the difficulty to get food here is so great, the company has ordered that all the single men among the passengers are to try to push through to the Forks this afternoon."

"I am sure," I exclaimed, "I could never manage it on these awkward snow-shoes."

"Very sorry, sir," said Hall, with well-assumed imperiousness.

The full meaning now seemed to dawn on Mrs. Forsyth. She began to weep.

"Do you mean to say," she expostulated, "that I am to be left here all alone? It's an outrage!"

"I shall be here, ma'am," said Hall, consolingly, "and there's an old clergyman in the next car."

"I don't want any old clergyman," she exclaimed from behind her handkerchief.

I made a sign to Hall, and he disappeared. As the door closed on him, Mrs. Forsyth took down her handkerchief and asked: "Has that brutal conductor gone."

"Yes, dear Mrs. Forsyth. But it is really not his fault. He has no discretion in the matter."

"Oh, I suppose you're glad to get away."

"Indeed no. I'd much rather stay."

"Then stay."

"They won't let me."

"What is to become of me?"

"Hall will take good care of you."

"I don't want to be taken care of—at least not by him. Can't I go too?"

"Impossible! It's even a great risk for me."

"It's disgraceful!" she exclaimed, again having recourse to the handerchief. "They've no business to start trains in this weather. I know I shall die here, with nobody to care a bit.

My time had come, and I made a headlong plunge.

"Dear Mrs. Forsyth, there is a way by which I might stay."

"In Heaven's name, what is it?"

"I hardly dare to tell you. That order applies only to single men, or men without their wives."

"Well?"

"If—if—you would only—well, it's no use, Kate—yes, I know your name—saw it on one of your books. Kate, I love you. Don't say anything but hear me out. It is true I have known you but a few days—"

"Her face was hidden by the wretched handkerchief, but from behind it she sobbed, "Only f-f-five."

"Excuse me—nearly six; but we have seen so much of each other that it seems we have been acquainted for months—you said so yourself yesterday."

"No; it was you who said so."

"You didn't contradict me. And then I've met your sister."

"Yes, that is true," she assented, as she again permitted her face to be seen.

"I know enough of you," I continued "to feel sure of my love for you. Cannot you care for me a little? There is a clergyman on the train; he can marry us at once, and then I can remain with you, not only here, but all my life."

"What!" she cried, in dismay; "be married all in a hurry, without any warning, and to you, whom I— And then I have no troussou. No, it's impossible! Leave me, and let me die."

I don't know what form of consolation I should have tried as she sank back weeping, but at this juncture Hall came in.

"Mr. Austin," said he, "you'd better be packing up the trifles you want to take with you." Then turning to her: "It's no use crying, ma'am; we have to make the best of it."

"Have you ever been snowed up before?"

"Yes, ma'am, last year—twenty-two days." And with that tremulous eyelid again noticeable, he went out.

"Twenty-two days alone," ejaculated Mrs. Forsyth, "in a snowy tomb, with a conductor and an old clergyman!"

"Kate, dear Kate, won't you listen to me? Together the time will not be half so long, for we will share it. Think, of what you may save me from. I am not used to snow-shoes, and may perish on the way."

"I would not keep you here for selfish reasons," she said, after a brief pause; "but to save your life, I might be tempted—"

"Then yon consent?" I cried.

"Are you very sure you love me?"

"As certain as that I breathe,"

"Then Robert—yes, I know your name—that nice conductor told me—you—you may ask the clergyman if he will. But oh! it's awful to be married without a wedding dress."

"You shall have the handsomest that is to be got when we reach the coast."

"That won't be like being married in it. Remember, if you ever repent this, that I only marry you to save your life."

"I shall never repent. I love you, too much." I started toward the door to see the clergyman.

She called me back, and as I held her in my arms she whispered, "Robert, I think I am a little selfish, after all."

**The only way to have a friend is to be one.**

## TALKING ABOUT HENS.

### How a Coolness Sprang Up Between Two Friends—New Use for Spring Chickens.

A Rochester man named Muggs has been out in the town of Wheatland visiting some friends who live on a farm. Mr. Muggs is not only a man of more than average intelligence, but he is also of an inquring turn of mind; and while he was visiting on the farm he managed to pick up a good deal of valuable information by asking questions about things. The first day that he was there he went around with the farmer to look at the stock. One of the first things that excited his curiosity was a hen that was on a nest under the end of a lumber pile.

"This must be a hen," said Muggs confidently.

"It is," said the farmer.

"She seems to be taking life pretty easy," ventured Muggs.

"Quite the contrary," said the farmer. "She is busy."

"Laying an egg, probably," suggested Muggs.

"Probably not," said the farmer. "She is setting."

Then Muggs made some patronizing remark to the hen and reached down to stroke the fur on her neck. The hen was busy, but not too busy to keep an eye on Muggs, and when his hand came within reach she picked a small piece of skin off from it. Muggs took his hand away with wonderful quickness and put it into his pocket. Then he stood and contemplated the hen in silence for several minutes. At length he said:

"I suppose hens seldom have hydrophobia?"

"Seldom," said the farmer.

"But when they do have it they have it pretty bad, don't they?" inquired Muggs with considerable anxiety.

"Oh, you needn't be alarmed," said the farmer. "The hen is mad, but not in that way. Her fangs are not poisonous."

"I suppose, now," said Muggs, "that an industrious, persistent hen like that will hatch out a chicken every day, and not feel it."

"There is a difference in hens," said the farmer. "Some hens set harder than others and hatch chickens faster. I have got one that hatched out a brood of chickens last summer in ten days. She never stopped for Sundays or legal holidays, but just kept right at it. But it wasn't a verry good job because it was rushed too much. Nine of the chickens were foolish and the other four were not any too bright. You see they were not expecting it and they seemed to be sort of dazed—couldn't understand how they got here so soon. They would stand around in a half-witted kind of a way and try to figure it out, but they never seemed to understand it at all."

"I should think," said Muggs, thoughtfully, "that chickens hatched so fast as that would be apt to mature quickly—get old while they are young, as it were."

"Exactly—they do," said the farmer.

"You remember that I bought a couple of spring chickens of you last fall," said Muggs, still more thoughtfully, as if an idea had occurred to him.

"Yes, I remember," said the farmer, who was also beginning to have an idea. What of it?"

"O, nothing; only I thought perhaps they belonged to this brood that you have been speaking about. We broiled them a couple of days and then gave them to my boy to cut up into bean-shooters."

A coolness has since existed between Muggs and the farmer.

### A Free and Fearless Bill-Poster.

The New York bill-poster has from time immemorial, been a free and fearless rover of the highways. In the days when Harry Paulding, now dead and gone, had his headquarters in a Park Row cellar and drank champagne as a beverage, with a paste barrel for a throne, these bill-posters' wars were incessant. A truce was callen to one only to have another begin. At first Paulding had a monopoly of the business. He made a mint of money and tyrannized the whole community that had to deal with him. Then opposition started up and he set to work to fight it. The streets were full of war and the police courts kept busy fining the contending factions. Now and then one would commit a murderous assault, and on at least one occasion that I recall a murder was scored against the adhesive guild.

A prominent theatrical manager having got into a quarrel with Paulding woke one morning to find the whole front of his residence, from cornice to pavement, covered with show bills. Even the windows were pasted over, and it cost him a handsome sum to clear the defilement away. In another instance, Paulding's brigade pasted the sidewalks of Broadway and Fifth avenue with dodgers that did not wear off for a week. When his men were in a merry mood they made nothing of decorating the backs of private carriages with advertising paper, and once they adorned a church front with the bills of a burlesque troupe.

### An Old-Fashioned Saying.

This expression is a corruption of an old-fashioned saying that originated in early days of this country.

As most of you know, wild geese, when they migrate in autumn, form themselves into lines shaped like the letter V, the leader flying at the point, the two lines following; and as they sail away, far above the trees, and beyond all danger from guns,—on those cold mornings when the air is clear, and the sky beautifully blue,—they seem full of glee, and join in a chorus, "Honk, honk, honk!"

Any one who has heard those curiously sounding notes, never could mistake them. And the folks on the earth below who heard the birds' wild call, in old times, realized the happiness of the winged creatures in being so high and safe. And so it became quite natural, when two persons met each other under peculiarly favorable circumstances for this or that enterprise, for them to say: "Everything is lovely and the goose honks high!"

### Bee Hunting in North Carolina.

All who are to take part in the performance with a number of lookers on, proceed to the tree (or the bee tree, as they call it), in the hollow of which a swarm of working bees have been observed to go in and out, laying in provisions and busily carrying on their sweet and earnest work of honey making. One or two of the hands are armed with axes and buckets. The women, with large tin pans, and two or three little boys are flourishing each a long-handled iron spoon. On arriving at the tree, which is always an old one with a large circumference and a big hollow inside, the work of cutting begins—one "hand" on each side giving alternate strokes until the great leafy top begins to tremble, and the bystanders rush out of the way as the tree comes down with a tremendous crash and thump which seem to shake the very earth. Then an agile youngster runs quickly to the hole where the bees go in, and stops it up tightly with leaves and sticks, to prevent the bees from taking summary vengeance upon their ruthless invaders. They are by no means pleased to be thus attacked in their stronghold, and are apt to place a foot as hot as that of the Irishman's wasp on any unprotected part of an unwary enemy. The "master" (the only blessed soul who is not afraid of the bees) then puts on a black net veil over his face and fitting close round the crown of his hat.

In the mean time two or three of the hands have taken turns in splitting open the tree just at the hollow, which is sounded beforehand with the back of an axe. Then it is suddenly laid open. The crowd falls back. The millions of bees crawl over the split wood, some flying up in the air. The little boys yell and flourish their spoons, and "Dar's a bee!" is heard repeatedly among the fallen branches as the old and young, nestle and hide away to escape the wrathful honey makers. They are evidently on a strike, and there is danger in the air!

The master, with his veiled face and head, cooly takes a spoon and scoops up the crawling bees, and puts them into a narrow opening under a hive, or wooden box, which has been prepared beforehand. When the queen bee is securely hived, the rest rapidly follow, and when, in a quiet and orderly procession, they are marching steadily into their new house, the hands all come up, and begin to take out the rich and well-filled honey-comb, while the women fill their pans with the dripping fluid. The little boys manage to secure each a handful, which they gobble up bees, comb and all, and then kick up their lusty little heels in hilarious jollity over their luscious feast. Then the hive is left in position, to be removed at night, when all is quiet. There is no dissipation among bees. They have no night frolics or escapades, but are always to be found after sundown in their own homes, as good, steady workers should ever be. Then the buckets and pans, heavily loaded with the fruits of their labor, are taken up and brought home, and thus endeth the bee-taking.

On my way home I saw a large black ball suddenly roll out into the middle of the grassy lane, and, on nearer approach, a tremendous snake uncoiled itself from a large rat, which it had held in a close and deadly embrace. The reptile raised its head and shot out a long, forked tongue, and I looked round for help, but found that I was alone. Then I thought to myself, "This is a test of courage, and it will never do for me to show the white feather," so I grasped a stone as large as I could possibly lift, and staved it upon the head of his snakeship. He threw his great black tail into the air, and struggled violently, but was securely fastened until help came, when he was promptly dispatched. He measured two yards in length, and I felt quite exhilarated by my adventure, and fancied that I was quite equal to the master in bravery!

### His Curiosity was Satisfied.

Eagerness to know the affairs of another person is an impertinence. The desire for knowledge of this sort should be restrained. Sometimes it is hazardous to attempt to know too much about another man's business, of which an amusing illustration is given in the personal experience of a preacher of sixty years ago. The reverend gentleman, whose name was Cotton, was one time returning from a religious meeting at Mount Carmel. He was accompanied by his father-in-law, Mr. Folks. As they leisurely journeyed along, they saw a man run across the road and make his way through the surrounding woods.

Mr. Cotton, impelled by curiosity to learn what the man meant by this maneuver, followed him. He soon overtook the man, who stopped and utterly dumfounded his pursuer by presenting his cocked rifle and giving the imperious order to "Stand and deliver."

The preacher as soon as he could collect his thoughts, replied rather weakly:

"My dear sir, I've got nothing in the world; I'm nothing but a poor Methodist preacher."

It was the fashion of that day for gentlemen to wear enormous seals and watch chains suspended from their fobs, and Mr. Cotton was in the fashion. The quick eye of the robber (for the man was none other than "Phelps," a noted free-booter,) fastened on that watch-seal. "I see you sport a watch," he said; "please hand her over."

"I beg you will spare me my watch," said Mr. Cotton, fumbling nervously at the chain.

"No fooling," said "Phelps," impatiently. "Pass over that watch."

Reluctantly the preacher took out his watch and gave it to the robber.

Before they parted "Phelps" read his victim a homily on the ill effects of curiosity. "This, sir, will teach you a lesson. Remember, when you wish to follow a stranger hereafter, first make sure that he is not a robber."

**Cough Syrup.**—One ounce each of thoroughwort, slippery elm, flax seed and licorice stick, simmer together in one quart of water till the strength is entirely out, strain, add one quart of best molasses, one half pound of loaf sugar, simmer all together and when cold bottle tight. Dose one tablespoonful three times every day.

INNOCENT MOTHER—"Who is this Mrs. Up I overheard the boys speaking of last night in their room? Indifferent father—"Never heard of her. Innocent mother—"I think she must be an old colored woman who does their washing; they always speak of her as Auntie Up."

A FIVE-YEAR-old Trotan, who had fallen and cut his lip so that it was necessary for the doctor to stitch the wound, after bearing the pain bravely, turned to his mother, who was making much ado over the operation, and said: "never mind, mamma, my mustache will cover it."

A Michigan fruit-grower uses a diluted solution of ammonia to drive away the codling moth. He applies it with a syringe early in warm evenings in June.


**Important.**

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The importations of mahogany have increased from 500,000 feet in 1874 to 10,000,000 in 1884.


**Satisfactory Evidence.**

J. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist, of Austin, Tex., writes: "I have been handling DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS for the past year, and have found it one of the most salable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds, and even Consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me another gross."


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**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*


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There is a certain sadness that overcomes the feelings of a good natured man when he sees some people try to be funny.

When Fogg was asked regarding the latest addition to the English language, he said he would ask his wife, she always had the last word. Mrs. Fogg said that Carboline was not only the latest but the best.

The floor of a cheese factory should be as water tight as the deck of a ship.


That feeling of extreme debility is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I was tired all over, but Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me new life and strength," says a Pawtucket, R. I., lady. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.


He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.


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**Paines' Business College**, Philadelphia. Terms only $44 situations furnished. Write for circular

$72 Electric Belt and Suspensory for Kidneys, Pain, Nervous and Weak. Fletcher & Co., Cleveland, O.

**SEND** NAME QUICK for Prof. Moody's New Illustrated Book on Dress Making, New Patterns, and Manic Cutting, etc. Agents sell 10 a day. Prof. MOODY, Cincinnati, O.



# R.R.R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

**BOWEL COMPLAINTS.**

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Painful Discharges from the Bowels are stopped in 15 or 20 minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Vomiting, Faintness, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other fevers aided by Radway's Pills so quick as Radway's Ready Relief.

Externally it instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys or Bowels.

**RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,**

Headache, Toothache, Bites of Insects, Sun Burns, Weakness or Pain in the Back, Chest or Limbs, by one application.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

**TWENTY YEARS IN USE.**

DR. RADWAY & Co.:—I have used your Ready Relief for many years in my family with great effect. For the last twenty years I would have nothing else to expel pain inwardly or from any part of the body outwardly. I have used it for rheumatic pains and always found great relief when applied to the painful part of the body. Your Pills are indeed excellent, as you represent them in the papers.

Yours truly, ROBERT O'DONNELL.
67 East Lake st., Chicago, Ill., Sept. 7, 1885.

DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.,
Proprietors of Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent and Dr Radway's Pills.


## HOUSEHOLD.

MISS NIGHTINGALE gives the following advice: There is reason to believe that not a few of the apparently unaccountable cases of scrofula among children proceeds from the habit of sleeping with the head under the bed clothes, and so inhaling air already breathed, which is further contaminated by exhalations from the skin. Patients are sometimes given to a similar habit; and it often happens that the bed clothes are so disposed that the patient must necessarily breathe air more or less contaminated by exhalations from the skin. A good nurse will be careful to attend to this. It is an important part, so to speak, of ventilation. It may be worth while to remark that when there is any danger of bed sores a blanket should never be placed under the patient. It retains dampness and acts like a poultice. Never use anything but light woolen blankets as bed covering for the sick. The heavy, impervious cotton counterpane is bad, for the very reason that it keeps the emanations from the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak patients are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed clothes, which often prevents their getting any sound sleep whatever.

SAUSAGE OMELET.—Six eggs, one cup milk, one small teaspoonful cornstarch, one cup cold cooked sausage, chopped very fine. Beat the whites and yelks of the eggs separately until each is as light as it can be made. Stir together until they are tolerably well mingled, add the milk in which the cornstarch has been dissolved, and pour the whole into a omelet pan, containing a tablespoonful of sweet lard, boiling hot. It must not have been allowed to brown. Tip the pan from side to side that the mixture may not burn, and with a knife loosen the edges when they show signs of sticking. When it begins to grow firm in the middle, sprinkle over it the chopped sausage, cook a moment longer, double one-half of the omelet on the other with the knife, and slip from the pan to a hot dish. Serve at once.

STEAM PUDDING.—Take one egg, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter or meat fryings, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt, and stir well together, then add one cup of cold water, and one-half cup of dried fruit or raisins, and thicken some stiffer than cake. Mix it in the dish, that you cook it in and steam one and one-half hours. Have the water boiling all the time, and don't take off the steamer or lift the lid.

"As is the bud bit with an envious worm," so is many a youth cut down by the gnawing worm *consumption*. But it can be made to release its hold and stop its gnawing. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will if taken in time, effect permanent cures, not only in consumption, but in all cases of chronic throat, bronchial and lung diseases.

The greatest pressure in a steam boiler is at the bottom. The water adds one pound pressure for each twenty-seven inches depth.

"Good deeds," once said the celebrated Richter, "ring clear through Heaven like a bell." One of the best deeds is to alleviate human sufferings. "Last fall my daughter was in decline," says Mrs. Mary Hinson, of Montrose, Kansas, "And everybody thought she was going into consumption. I got her a bottle of Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,' and it cured her." Such facts as the above need no comment.

Wines made from the wild oranges of Florida are alleged to have greatly prized therapeutic properties. The manufacture of these beverages is very simple.

Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet, or occupation. For sick-headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidneys, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "Pellets." By druggists.

Honey, after it is clarified, Herr E. Myhus has discovered, can be kept from fermenting or losing its flavor by adding to it about one per cent. of formic acid.


If you feel as though water was gathering around the heart (heart-dropsy) or have heart-rheumatism, palpitation of the heart with suffocation, sympatnetic heart trouble—Dr. Kilmer's OCEAN-WEED regulates, corrects and cures.


No man is born into the world whose work is born with him.


Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.



# That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.

*Strengthen the System*

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar.**



**NO LADY IS REALLY BEAUTIFUL**
Without a Clear, White Complexion

*This Great American Lotion for Beautifying the Complexion and Healing the Skin*

To a large extent conceals the evidence of age. A few applications will make the skin beautifully soft, smooth, and white. It is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and by so doing create disease of the skin, such as Pimples, etc., but is a perfectly clear liquid: a valuable discovery that causes the cheek to glow with health, and rival the lily in whiteness. It is impossible to detect in the beauty it confers. It cures Oily Skin, Pimples, Freckles, Face Grubs, Black Heads, Blotches, Sunburn, Chapped Hands and Face, Barber's Itch, etc. It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes of the skin from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes containing sediment, while it beautifies the skin, giving it that healthy, natural and youthful appearance which it is impossible to obtain by any other means. It is conceded by connoisseurs in the art to be the best and safest beautifier the world ever produced.

For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Send for Circulars, with Testimonials and Beautiful Picture, free.

**W. M. SCOTT & CO.,**
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**ORGANS** The most beautiful and finest toned in the world. Low prices, easy payment. Send for Catalogue. Address Weaver Organ & Piano Co., YORK, PA.

**PISO'S CURE FOR** CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. **CONSUMPTION** 25 CTS.

**FACE, HANDS, FEET,** and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pimples and their treatment, by **DR. JOHN H. WOODBURY,** 37 S. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Est'b'd 1870. Send 10c. for book

**CONSUMPTION** I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

**OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED.** A NEW METHOD. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wisconsin.

**WANTED** Reliable Salesmen to Travel and sell to the trade our Celebrated Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes, &c. Liberal arrangements. Salary or Commission. Address immediately, NEW YORK & HAVANA CIGAR CO., 89 Fourth Av., N.Y.

**The Old Doctor** NERVOUS DEBILITY. RISE or FEMALE WEAKNESS AND DECAY. A life experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial packages. Consultation and Books by mail FREE. Address Dr. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

24 477

**No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.** Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be Slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

**THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER** Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

**Blair's Pills** Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

**Pensions** to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

has taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex.

has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the oldtime. A. L. SMITH, Bradford, Pa. Sold by Druggists.

**Pimples, Blotches, Scaly or Oily Skin, Blemishes and all Skin Diseases Cured and Complexion Beautified by**

**Beeson's Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap.**

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents by WM. DREYDOPPEL, Manufacturer, 208 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**12 DOLLARS** each for *New* and *Perfect* SEWING MACHINES. Warranted five years. Sent on trial if desired. Buy direct and save $15 to $25. Organs given as premiums. Write for FREE circular with 1000 testimonials from every state. GEO. PAYNE & CO. 44 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

**OPIUM** Habit, Quickly and Painlessly cured at home. Correspondence solicited and *free trial* of cure sent honest investigators. THE HUMANE REMEDY COMPANY, Lafayette, Ind.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES.** A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 50 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass


Water saturated with carbolic acid dissolves iron.

A HARVARD student who got into a quarrel on a young lady's account, and came out considerably the worse for it, was complaining to her of the rough usage he had received for her sake.

"Oh, well," said she, "it ought to console you to know you are more than ever in the fashion."

"How do you mean?"

"Why beaten brass, you know, is all the rage."

## FACETIÆ.

"SHALL we—shall we consent to be slaves!" he said as he halted before a group of striking painters who were lounging on the City Hall fence Monday forenoon.

"Never!" shouted two or three in chorus.

"Of course we won't!" he continued. "The heel of the oppressor must be taken from our necks! Our forefathers died for liberty and we are ready to follow their examples."

"You bet!"

"The tyrant Capital must be taught a lesson!"

"He must!"

"From the pine trees of Maine to the rolling surf on the seashore of Texas the laboring man is calling for justice. The worm has at last turned."

"That's so!"

"The toilers have arisen as one man to demand that capital shall share its profits with the bone and muscle which have made our millionaires. Toilers of the great and glorious West, I—"

"Are you a painter?" suddenly inquired one of the men.

"Let me finish. Toilers of the great and glo—"

"Where do you work?"

"Say!" he answered, as he came down off his high horse, "how many of you will chip in ten cents apiece to help me on to Chicago, where I have a wife and five children?"

They run him across the street in such a hurry that his hat fell off, but he turned at the curb, stretched forth his right hand and said:

"Toilers of the great and glorious West, I can lick any two of you with one hand tied behind my back!' That's all—good-bye!"

"Do I love George," mused Clara, softly, "or is it simply a sister's affection that I feel for—"

Just then Bobby rushed noisily into the room and interrupted her sweet meditations.

"Get out of here, you little brat!" she shouted, and seizing him by the arm she shot him through the door.

"Ah, no," she sighed, as she resumed her interrupted train of thought, "my love for George is not a sister's love. It is something sweeter, purer, higher, and holier."

"HEAR you have been to New York, McGuffin."

"Yes, I have."

"What portion of the city reminded you the most of Chicago?"

"The vicinity about Castle Garden."

"Why so?"

"There is one block there that contains thirty-five saloons."

"Great Scott! That must have made you homesick!"


**WOMEN**

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS** THE BEST TONIC.

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates.

Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*

MRS. WM. H. WOODS, Lehighton, Pa., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for loss of strength from nursing a strong, healthy baby. I could not do my work without this valuable tonic, and cordially recommend it."

MR. I. DAVIS, 69 Ninth St., Lynchburg, Va., says: "My wife has suffered from female weakness for years; has received no benefit from doctors, and has tried every available preparation, unsuccessfully however, until she used Brown's Iron Bitters. Five bottles restored her to perfect health."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.


A YOUNG man had been arrested for kissing a pretty girl and she was on the witness stand.

"You say," said the attorney for the defendant, "that the young man kissed you against your will?"

"Yes, he did, and he did it a dozen times, too."

"Well, now, is it not true that you also kissed him during the affray."

Objected to; objection overruled.

"Now answer my question," continued the attorney. "Did you not kiss the defendant also?"

"Yes, I did," replied the witness indignantly, "but it was in self defence." Case dismissed.

A LITTLE incident in real life:

"Be a man," said his friend.

"I am a man," said he; "but I've got to do it."

"Well, sober up anyway, before you go to make it up."

"That's why you see me thus. I am going up to her, I am going up to grovel before her; I am going to lie down and tell her to walk all over me."

"But not in this condition."

"If I were sober I wouldn't do it. I couldn't; that's why I'm full."

And he took a coupe and drove up to the house of the girl who had quarrelled with him.

MARY (entering library, where Mrs. Knownaught is seated)—"I found this book up-stairs, ma'am, and was told to bring it down to the librarary. Does it make any difference on which sheif I put it?"

Mrs. Knownaught—"Why, all the difference in the world, Mary. We have had the whole library classified—scientific works, religious, fiction, and so on. What is the book you have there?"

Mary—"The Pursuit of Happiness, ma'am."

Mrs. K.—"Well, then, that goes right in with the books of travel."


The beneficial results produced by the use of Hall's Hair Renewer are wonderful.

Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted a sure cure for all malarial disorders.


Step aside a little oftener to talk with God and thine own heart.


# TIRED, WORN AND WEARY.

*Who can account for that tired, worn and weary feeling? It is not caused by mental or manual labor—Waking in the morning unrefreshed!—Often with aching bones—Bad taste in the mouth—Sometimes bad breath.—There may be no pain in the back,—But there is a feeling of goneness—Approaching pain,—Inactivity:—The body and mind lack strength;—A recumbent position is preferred.*

**YOU WANT A SPRING MEDICINE**

To remove impurities from the Blood—undigested and decaying matter from the system.

To prevent or remove Blotches, Pimples, Rashes, Boils and all kinds of SKIN ERUPTIONS.

To protect the system from Bilious attacks and remove all malarial taint that may be lurking in the by-ways of disease.

To fortify the system against the approach of diseases peculiar to the weather, tone the Stomach and remove all refuse matter from the system.

Restore Lost Appetite, remove Blotches and Skin Eruptions and give a Clear, Healthy glow to the Skin.

Remove all Malarial Symptoms and insure good health.

**Burdock Blood Bitters**

is not a BEVERAGE nor a preparation of which the fundamental principle is the "Purging Aloes," but a purely Vegetable Medicine, particularly adapted to SPRING COMPLAINTS.

Last spring I had a terrible breaking out all over my body. There were blotches as large as a penny and some as large as a silver dollar. They would appear in the morning, and would itch and burn half a day. I took everything I could think of, but to no avail. I grew worse and worse until I was sick abed. A friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I secured three bottles and before I had taken all of the first bottle I felt like another person. I was entirely cured before I had taken the three bottles. It is a wonderful medicine and I would not be without it.

MRS. JULIA ELDRIDGE, Box 35,
Jan. 25, 1886. West Cornwall, Conn.

*B. B. B. removes Blotches and Face Eruptions by constitutional treatment. Be sure and try it.*

Last spring my health became very poor. I had no appetite and my liver troubled me. I used several medicines with no relief, and was finally recommended to try Burdock Blood Bitters. This medicine cured me.

MISS MAUD FISHER, Flackville, N. Y.
Nov. 9, 1885.

*B. B. B. is a great boon to suffering ladies—maiden, wife or mother. Endure it no longer.*

I have had a bad humor in my blood which broke out in the skin, and the doctors did me no good. I tried everything for it, but got no relief. At last tried your Burdock Blood Bitters. I have taken but two bottles, and I must say I am cured and am feeling like a new man.

STEPHEN E. JODREY,
Nov. 14. Taunton, Mass.

**Fortify, Strengthen and Invigorate with B. B. B.**

**MARLIN** Magazine Rifle. BEST IN THE WORLD.

For large or small game—all sizes. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed, and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market.

BALLARD GALLERY, SPORTING AND TARGET RIFLES, world renowned. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER** The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

**HAMMOND'S SLUG SHOT**

*Routes the Insect Army that destroy Vegetables and Flowers.* Since 1880 *One and a Half Million* pounds have been used with safety and efficiency. It is cheap and sold by the Seedsmen, and probably by some party in your place. For pamphlet address FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.


JOHNNY, aged six, the son of a Congregational divine, had become possessed of a pack of cards, and hearing his mother coming, hastily thrust them into the pocket of his father's baptismal robe. The next day the minister having occasion to baptize some converts by immersion found himself in the creek surrounded by the whole deck floating about him on the water and next to him four aces. He nearly fainted and was with difficulty gotten out of the water. Johnny's mother took occasion to tell her little cherub how bad he had been, and that his father had nearly drowned, etc. "Well," said the young hopeful, "any man who couldn't get out on such a hand as that ought to be drowned."

How he got his mother's monkey into a scrape—He—"I want you to understand miss, that you can't make a fool of me." She—"I am not so irreverent as to suppose that I could improve on nature."

A CASE wherein the comparison was odious, indeed—"Judge—"What sort of man now, was it, whom you saw commit the assault?" Constable—"Shure, yer Honor, he was a small, insignificant crathur, about yer own size, yer Honor."

**EPITHELIOMA!**

**OR SKIN CANCER.**

For seven years I suffered with a cancer on my face. Eight months ago a friend recommended the use of Swift's Specific, and I determined to make an effort to procure it. In this I was successful, and began its use. The inflamence of the medicine at first was to somewhat aggravate the sore; but soon the inflamation was allayed, and I began to improve after the first few bottles. My general health has greatly improved. I am stronger, and am able to do any kind of work. The cancer on my face began to decrease and the ulcer to heal, until there is not a vestigeof it left—only a little scar marks the place.

Mrs. JOHNIE A. MCDONALD.
Atlanta, Ga., August 11, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y., 157 W. 23d St

**EVAPORATING FRUIT** Full treatise on improved methods, yields, profits and prices FREE. AMERICAN M'F'G CO. Box 31 WAYNESBORO, PA.

**PIANOS** A STEP IN ADVANCE OF ALL OTHERS. BETTER INSTRUMENTS. LOWER PRICES. A $400 PIANO FOR $2 A WEEK. EASIER TERMS. A NEW PLAN. BEST YET. WRITE, INCLOSING STAMP FOR FULL PARTICULARS. BEIN BROS. & CO. NEWARK, N. J.

**LE PAGE'S CLUES** Used by the best manufacturers and mechanics in the world. Pullman Palace Car Co., Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., &c., *for all kinds of fine work.* At the New Orleans Exposition, joints made with it endured a testing strain of over **1600 Pounds** TO A SQUARE INCH. *Pronounced strongest glue known.* **TWO GOLD MEDALS,** *London, 1883, New Orleans, 1885.* If your dealer does not keep it send his card and 10c. postage for sample can, FREE. RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.

**RUPTURE** cure guaranteed by Dr. J. E. H. Mayer, the successful specialist. Call at once; no operation or delay from business. Treated by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 251 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 3722 North 20th St., 6 to 8 P. M. and Sundays.

**PENNYROYAL PILLS** "CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH" The Original and Only Genuine. Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. ASK your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c (stamps) in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2313 Madison Square, Philada., Pa. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

**Free Farms** In Sunny SAN LUIS. The most Wonderful Agricultural Park in America. Surrounded by prosperous mining, stock and manufacturing towns. Farmer's Paradise! Marvellous crops raised in 1885. THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF GOVERNMENT LAND, subject to pre-emption and homestead. Lands for sale to actual settlers at $3.00 per Acre. Long Time. Park irrigated by immense canals. Cheap railroad rates. Every attention shown settlers. For maps, pamphlets, etc., address: COL. TRADO LAND & LOAN CO., Opera House Block, Denver, Col. Box 2580.

**PATENTS** Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

**DREYDOPPEL'S BORAX SOAP** Cleanses, purifies and makes clothes white and sweet. Excellent for Bath and Toilet. Full pound bars only. For sale everywhere

**JAMS** TABLE SYRUP. **JELLY** Sweet Pickles. Vinegar, Catsup, Preserves, Canning and Kraut-making for farmers' wives, mailed Free with every dime pack of Fall Turnip Seed (any kind). PAPER OF WINTER BEETS THROWN IN. JAMES HANLEY, Seed Grower, Madison, Ark.

**SURE CURE** for DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION. Address J. M. SHELLY, Charlotte, N. C.

**FRAZER AXLE GREASE** BEST IN THE WORLD. Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

**Grind your own Bone,** Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn with the SHANDMILL (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

**BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES** OR LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART. *By John B. Gough.* His last and crowning life work, being full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears." It sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. $100 to $200 a month made. Extraordinary inducements to workers as we give Extra Terms and Low Freights. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

# THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., JUNE 30, 1886.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.



China!
Dry-goods!
In Laces
Merchants'
AT POPULAR (LOWEST) PRICES.
TO SUIT EVERYBODY.
AND
Embroideries
Place, Bellefonte.
D. GARMAN & SON.


## LOCAL ITEMS.

Base ball bats at Murray's.

——Watermelons are in market.

Base ball bats from 5c to 50, at Murray's drug store.

——Penns Valley Ins. Co. met at this place, on Tuesday last.

Base balls, at all prices from 5c to $1.25 at Murray's drug store.

——Pic-nics from all parts of county daily wend their way the cave.

——The Misses Rice, of Reedsville are the guests of Mrs. S. W. Smith.

——The *Watchman* don't seem to have much faith in the Bellefonte boom.

——Mrs. P. D. Neff is confined to her room, and no signs of improvement.

——Samuel Shoop has broken ground for a new house at the lower end of town.

——Judge Orvis thinks of making a trip to the Pacific coast and will be absent until fall.

——Balloons, sky-rockets, scroll wheels, etc., and fire crackers at 5 cts. per pack, for sale by James Solt.

——Mr. John Emerick, who took sick some four weeks ago, we are pleased to note, is on the way of recovery.

——For the best and cheapest ready-made clothing go to the Philad. Branch. Suits for men and boys in all styles and at all prices.

——Mr. A. S. Kerlin has returned after a six weeks' trip to Minnesota and other parts of the northwest. He reports droughts in that section.

——Centre Hall will become as famous for her wire fence industries as Mifflinburg for coach works. Opposition is the cause of the life in that business.

——B. F. Bitner writes from Carthage Mo., June 22: The folks are through cutting wheat. Wheat is considerably damaged by the chinch bug.

——Reuben Page, of Harris township, has received a pension which goes back twenty-one years. That ought to make Reuben smile at the sight of such a pile.

——All of last week was more or less showery, and the weather cool. A number of farmers had grass cut for hay, but the weather was not the kind for making hay.

——The Bellefonte Knights of labor will picnic on the 3d of July, at Humes' grove, near that place. Bands have been engaged for the day, and addresses will be made by eminent speakers.

——The Class of '86 was the last one to graduate from the University at Lewisburg. The institution is now called "Bucknell University," in honor of Wm. Bucknell, a millionaire of Philad.

——The Centre Hall railroad station is to be enlarged. The business at this station is so much larger than was anticipated when the present building was put up, that an enlargement is needed.

——Fourth of July at Centre Hall as usual will be a quiet day. Some are going out in the woods on a pic-nic, others to the mountains after trout and the boys expect to be away playing a game of ball.

——Mrs. Emanuel Ettinger, of Aaronsburg, who has been an invalid for several years, is in a very feeble condition at present. She is probably the oldest person in that place, with the exception of her husband.

——Mr. Wm. Lohr, who farms the lots of ye editor, near this place, found the skin of a black snake which had been shed by the reptile in one of the fields, which measured 7 feet and 1 inch in length.

——Miss Lillie and Emmie Aikens, of Bellefonte spent a few days of last week visiting friends at this place. Miss Lillie has been attending the Female Seminary at Birmingham and is home spending summer vacation.

——Mr. Laf. Neff whiled a half hour in our sanctum. Mr. Neff is one of our practical farmers and a bitter foe of the Canadian thistle,—there should be more of his sort and the cursed weed would not spread as much as it does.

— The Philad. Branch has a larger trade in ready-made clothing than any three stores, and sells 30 per cent. lower than any. The stock is the choicest in the county, and no shoddy about it. You get the full worth of your money always.

——Next week, week of 4th of July, there will be no paper issued from this office, in accordance with a time-honored custum of newspaper offices to afford all hands an opportunity to enjoy the 4th of July vacation week with the rest of American citizens.

——There is not much transpiring that is of local interest. Farmers are busy making hay for which the weather set in favorably on Monday. The hay crop will be an average one. All other crops look fair in our county, with the exception of the wheat crop.

——Rev. Heckman, pastor of the Centre Hall M. E. charge, has gone on a trip to Colorado, and will be absent some six weeks.

——Rev. Lambert will preach in the M. E. church, Centre Hall, on next Sabbath evening, and in the morning at Sprucetown M. E. church. Rev. C. W. Rishel will fill Rev. Lambert's appointment in the Pleasant Gap charge for next Sabbath.

——McFarlane's, in Bellefonte, secured a few of the justly celebrated Regulator cook stoves at a reduced price. These stoves are the heaviest, largest and best cooks in the market. People should call soon as the number is limited and can not be duplicated at the low price.

——The weather has been cool all spring in this section, and a little more wet than the farmers liked as it interfered with working the corn. Vegetation has been checked somewhat for want of a higher temperature, but then it has done some good, it kept down the grasshoppers too of which a large crop was threatened.

——The timber on the woodland along the head of Penns Creek, belonging to the Long Brothers, has been purchased by Judge Witmer and brother. It is estimated to contain about two million ft. The price paid is $6200. The Witmers will put a mill in the centre of the tract at once and get the timber out for market.

——On Monday as Mr. Jacob M'Cool and wife drove through our place, on their way home, the dun horse which he usually drives, dropt down dead on the road a short distance beyond the station. What caused the animal's sudden death, we did not learn. The horse belonged to his son, Rev. M'Cool.

——This week the Republican state convention assembles at Harrisburg, and Gen. Beaver will be nominated for governor by acclamation as there are none to contest the nomination. If we are to have a Republican for the next governor we would rather see Gen. Beaver have it than any other member of that party. But, there are many doubts hanging about his election.

— The county Prohibitionists met in convention at Bellefonte last week. The usual program was gone through with and resolutions adopted. The WHEREAS covers a multitude of sins, and the RESOLVED extends up into the 9thlys. Strong, bitter and burning adjectives are used in denouncing everything not in accordance with their views, and end up in expressing their choice of candidate for Governor in Barker, of Cambria co.

——E. L. Stover, of Stephenson county, Ill., cheated us out of his dues on REPORTER, which we sent him in good faith and which he lifted regularly. We drop him but old Nick will take him up.

S. R. Sellers, of Clinton county, asked us to send him the REPORTER, and after we did so 1½ years, the P. M. notified us it is not lifted. Sellers promised to pay if we would trust him, but did not and proved a sneak and a rascal. Next.

——MRS. BRUMGARD'S DEATH.—Mrs. Brumgard, wife of Martin Brumgard, of Zion, suddenly dropped dead on Friday last, of what is supposed to have been heart disease. Mr. Brumgard had been in Bellefonte the same day for the purpose of trying to sell some property, in which he did not succeed. He returned home before noon, and his wife got dinner, as usual, directly after which occurred the sad event above stated. The funeral took place on Saturday.

DEATH OF MRS. STINE.—Mrs. Sarah Stine, wife of Mr. Abram Stine, of Pleasant Gap, died on Thursday last, 17 inst., aged 67 years, 10 months, 4 days. Her maiden name was Sarah Mensch, and she was born in Columbia county, August 30, 1819. She was married to Mr. Stine, May 15, 1854, and they moved to Pleasant Gap in 1861. Mrs. Stine became the mother of eleven children, seven boys and four girls, all of whom are living except one girl. The remains were interred at Zion on Saturday.—Watchman, 25.

——Canada thistles are observed on the lands of many in different parts of the valley. This is the greatest curse of all weeds. The penalty for letting it go to seed is $15. We have read in agricultural journals that by persistently cutting them down these thistles will finally die. We are told by those who have tried this mode of extermination that it is a success. Now what farmer can not afford to do this a few times during the summer. It is a simple remedy and will take but a short time to apply it. Let every farmer swear death to the Canada thistle, keep mowing its head off until the weed ceases to show itself, and he does but his duty.

### "STOP MY PAPER."

After you get on your ear and make up your mind to stop your paper to make the editor feel humiliated, just poke your finger into the water and then pull it out and look for the hole. Then you will know how sadly you are missed. The man who thinks a paper cannot survive without his support ought to go off and stay awhile. When he comes back he will find half of his friends didn't know he was gone; the other half didn't care a cent, and the world at large didn't keep any account of his movements whatever. You will probably find something in your home paper you cannot indorse. Even the Bible is rather plain and hits some hard licks. If you were to stop your paper and call the editor all sorts of ugly names, the paper would still be published. And what is more, you will sneak around and borrow a copy of it every week.

### CLEVER CHILDREN.

Almost everyone is interested in children, and will be glad to have a book we have just received from the publishers, entitled "Some Funny Things Said by Clever Children," which contains over five hundred humorous and clever things said by little people.

It will be found by reading of this book that wit, humor and clever sayings are not confined to adults by any means. It is a handsome book, and will be sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of twelve cents, by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., Publishers, 31 Rose Street, N. Y.

### CHINCH BUGS DOING GREAT DAMAGE.

Chicago, June 28.—A special from Vandalia, Ill., says: In parts of Fayette co. the chinch bugs are destroying the corn field after field having been given up to the pests. With a view of exterminating the bugs the farmers have agreed not to sow wheat for three successive seasons.

### FOURTH OF JULY AT GETTYSBURG. A GRAND DEMONSTRATION ON THE FIELD.

The encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic and the reunion of the Third Army Corps at Gettsburg will appropriately occur on the anniversary of the great battle which was waged on historic ground twenty-three years ago. The Pennsylvania Department of the Grand Army of the Republic encamps on the field from July 2d to 7th, and on the 2d and 3d the reunion of the Third Army Corps will be held. During the entire week ceremonies of the most interesting character will be held every day, which will be participated in by the veterans of the fight. It is expected that from 5000 to 7000 members of the Grand Army of the Republic will be present, including many officers who were engaged in the fight. General Sickles, Fitzhugh Lee, and Longstreet have accepted invitations to be present and to speak. The meeting will undoubtedly be one of the most imposing demonstrations of modern times, and will be worthy of the presence of every American citizen. To those who desire to get all the points of the battle no better opportunity will ever present itself, for in addition to the number of soldiers who were engaged in the fight there will be a large number of experienced guides who will point out to the visitors every spot of interest and give all the information possible as to the events of the memorable days of the battle. For the benefit of the large number of visitors who will be drawn to Gettysburg the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from all principal stations on its lines east of Pittsburg and Erie on June 30, July 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, good to return until the 10th inclusive, at one fare for the round trip.

### FOURTH OF JULY EXCURSION VIA PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

In pursuance of its usual custom the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets between all principal stations on its own, operated and leased lines, on July 2, 3, 4 and 5, good to return until 6th, at greatly reduced rates. By this arrangement the great national holiday may be spent in visiting friends, or in making pleasant excursions to some of the many points of interest located on the company's lines. The intervention of Sunday gives an additional day to those whose time is occupied by business, and this with the liberal limit of the excursion tickets, affords opportunity for the enjoyment of a nice holiday trip.

### POISON IN THE CREAM.

*Two Hundred and Fourteen Persons Poisoned.*

Flemington, N. J., June 23.—There are exactly 214 people who were poisoned at last Thursday's picnic near Flemington. Six of these persons will probably die, and twenty are in a precarious condition. It is now believed that the ice cream, plentifully supplied and liberally eaten, caused the trouble. Whether the inside of the cream freezers was lined with sulphate of zinc, or whether arsenic was put in the cream purposely, still puzzles the doctors. Those who ate several spoonfuls of the cream seem to suffer almost as badly as those who ate a plateful. The ice cream was made on the grounds. Nearly every family who attended brought a pint, a quart, a half gallon of milk, a half dozen of eggs, sugar, and other ingredients of ice cream. As the bearer of the milk reached the grounds he or she would empty the milk into one of the cans until it was filled. Milk came from all sorts of breeds of cows, and was of every stage of sweetness and sourness. It is not yet decided, however, that the milk was the poisoned ingredient. It might have been the sugar or flavoring extract. Several analyses have been made, but nothing positive has been settled. The picnic was given in pastor Schmitz's honor. It was to celebrate the third anniversary of his ministry as pastor of the German Ref. church of Pottsville. There were over 300 people present. Nearly everybody ate more or less ice cream. Yet there were 100 people who were not sickened. This presents a problem which all Hunterion county is trying to solve.

### MOTHER AND CHILD BURNED TO DEATH BY COAL OIL.

Reading, Pa., June 27.—The family of Tudor Russell, living near this city met with a terrible accident yesterday morning, Mrs. Russell and three children were at home at the time. When Mrs. Russell was making the fire her wood did not burn readily. Her husband was up stairs in bed very ill. The wife used coal oil to hurry the fire when the can exploded. Instantly the burning oil spread over her and her children. The room was at once in a blaze, and the weak unto death husband groped his way down through the blinding smoke. He saw his wife on the floor burning up. She was writhing in agony, and her children were also wrapt in flames. The husband fainted at the horrible sight. Neighbors rushed in and extinguished the flames. The wife died and the children cannot live. They are horribly burned.

### LOCK HAVEN WANTS THE B. C. C. & S. W.

Lock Haven, June 28.—Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and party will pass over the Beech Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern Railroad to-morrow morning in a special car, for the purpose of reorganizing the road at Clearfield, returning the same evening. Ex-Senator Peale, the Solicitor of the company, will accompany the party. Efforts will be made to have the road extended to this city. A branch into this city would make the Beech Creek a competing road in every sense of the word and would give Lock Haven railroad facilities equal to the best.

### THE NEWS EXPRESS KILLS TWO PEOPLE.

Milton, Pa., June 27.—Robert Hillands and wife, of Chillisquaque, aged 50 and 60 respectively, were instantly killed by the newspaper train at the Mahoning street railroad crossing this morning while on the way to church. Their horse was badly injured and the carriage was broken into splinters.


——Steady employment during the next 12 months on salary is offered in another column by the Van Dusens of Geneva. They are an old and reliable firm. 23jun3t


### EXPELLING THE PRINCES.

*Passage by the French Senate of the Decree of Exile.*

Paris, June 22.—In the debate on the Expulsion bill in the Senate to-day Primier de Freycinet said that his Government would not tolerate another Government in France, and would take the full responsibility for the expulsion of the princess. He refuted the charge that the Government was yielding to irreconcilables. He declared that order was being maintained throughout France, even Decazeville, where a recurrence of the recent disorders had been prevented. That was not the case in Belgium or in Great Britain. In conclusion, he deprecated the confiscation of the property of the princes, insisted that the common law would not apply to the princes, and urged the necessity of Republican union as of supreme interest to the Republic.

Finally a secret ballot was taken and the bill, as it left the Chamber of Deputies, was adopted by a vote of 141 to 107. The announcement of the result was received with great applause by the members of the Left.

The families affected by this decree directly and indirectly are:

Of the house of Bourbon—Prince Philippi (Comte de Paris) and wife, Princess Isabelle de Montpensier and children, Princess Amelie (Crown Princess of Portugal,) Prince Philippe (Duc d'Orleans,) Princess Helene, Princess Isabelle, Princess Louise, Prince Ferdinand.

Prince Robert (Duc de Chartres) and his wife, Princess Francoise de Joinville and children, Prince Henri. Princess Marguerite, Prince Jean.

Prince Louis (Duc de Nemours) and his wife, Princess Victorine de Saxe-Cobourg et Gotha and children.

Prince Ferdinand Philippe (Duc d'Alencon,) his wife, Princess Sophia of Bavaria, and children; Princess Louise, Prince Emanuel, Princess Marguerite (Princess Czartorvski) Princess Blanche.

Prince Francois (Prince de Joinville,) his wife, Princess Francoise of Brazil, and children, Princess Francoise (Duchess de Chartres,) Prince Pierre (Duc of Penthievre.)

Prince Henri (Duc d'Aumale.)

Of the house of Bonaparte—Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon) and his wife, Princess Clothilde of Savoy, and their children—Prince Victor, Prince Louis and Princess Marie.

Princess Mathilde (Princess de San Donato.)

Prince Roland Bonaparte, son of the Prince Pierre Bonaparte.

### ADRIFT FOR EIGHT DAYS.

*The Terrible Experience of a British Seaman in an Open Boat.*

London, June 21.—The American ship Frank Pendleton, Capt. Nichols, from San Francisco, Feb. 13, has arrived at Queenstown. She has on board a mate of the British bark Arklow, Capt. Pye, from Manila for Montreal.

The Arklow was in collision on May 8 with an unknown vessel and was cut to the water's edge. The Captain, his wife and child, and ten seamen took to the lifeboat. The mate put off alone in a small open boat. It is feared that the occupants of the lifeboat were lost. The mate was for eight days without food, water, or clothing, the stores he had provided having been lost by the capsizing of his boat. He clung to the keel for 26 hours, and then succeded in righting the craft. He hung up his shirt for a sail, and caught a few flying fishes, which he ate. He proceeded slowly for six days, looking in vain for sail, and then became unconscious. While in this condition his boat was sighted on May 16 by Frank Pendleton and was rescued.

### MARRYING A NEGRO BARBER.

Williamsport, June 21.—There is excitement in Tewberry over the marriage of Kate Moyer, a pretty white girl, to John Boier, the colored barber, who had been trimming her bangs for some time. George Moyer, the girl's father, is well-to-do. The girl told her mother yesterday that she was married to the negro and was going to his home to live. The mother, frantic with grief, implored her not to take the step, but the girl persisted and moved into the barber shop and took possession of the household, including the black barber's two black pickaninnies by a former wife.

### THE ARMY WORM IN LEBANON COUNTY.

Lebanon, Pa., June 27.—Nearly half the wheat throughout the Lebanon valley, it is reported, has been destroyed by the army worm. Much damage has also been done by recent storms. Harvesting will commence this week.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Meyer, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for district attorney, subject to Democratic usages.

### KILLED HIS BROTHER IN A DISPUTE.

Tuscola, Ill., June 27.—Stephen Campbell aged 21, living in Bourbon township, shot and killed his brother Harvey. They were disputing about farm matters.


When one sees the impure fats that are sometimes used in soap making, he is inclined to doubt the cleansing qualities of the soap. Dreydopper's Borax Soap is made from the purest refined tallow, and is guaranteed pure and healthful. jun

Food for the brain and nerves that will invigorate the body without intoxicating, is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Tonic restores the vital energies, soothes the nerves and brings good health quicker than anything you can get. jun

Without beautiful hair no woman is beautiful. Is yours failing off or faded? The loss is vital. Parker's Hair Balsam will preserve your hair and give back its gloss and youthful color. Clean, elegant, perfect. Prevents dandruff. jun

**STEADY EMPLOYMENT.**

We want good men in every town in this state to take orders for Nursery Stock during the NEXT TWELVE MONTHS. Previous experience not required. We hire .....ON SALARY..... and pay our salesmen's expenses. For terms address, THE C. L. VAN DUSEN NURSERY CO., Nurseries established 1859, Geneva, N. Y. 23jun4t


### HON. DAVID DAVIS DEAD.

*His Death Occurs at his Home in Bloomington, Ill.*

Bloomington, Ill., June 27.—Hon. David Davis died at 6 o'clock yesterday morning. During the early part of Friday evening he appeared to be failing and it was felt that he could not live through the night. At 11 o'clock he revived somewhat and was given milk and stimulants in small quantities. The effect was for the worse, for he at once relapsed into a comatose condition, his pulse becoming very feeble. During the succeeding three hours he failed gradually, his respiration growing noticeably weaker until the end came.

### KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

New Bloomfield, Pa., June 27.—Lizzie Berrier, aged 19, a domestic in the employ of George Loy, residing at Sandy Hill, Perry county, was struck by lightning yesterday and instantly killed. She was standing on a ladder picking cherries from a tree when the thunderbolt descended. The electric fluid burned the hair from half her head, passed down her side and leg and tore off one of her shoes.

Congressman William L. Scott, of Pa.' spends almost as much time in New York as he does in his native state. He is mentioned as the probable successor of Mr. Manning as Secretary of the Treasury. He is about fifty years old, of medium height, has thin, clear-cut features, and iron-gray hair and mustache. He generally dresses quite jauntily in light cutaway suits and with litle display of jewelry. His fortune is estimated at $10,000,000. He has a great penchant for horses, and owns several very fast trotters. He is a generous man, and judging from an expenditure he made recently there are few men in the country who smoke better or higher-priced cigars. He paid $35 for a box of 25 cigars, which is at the rate of $1,400 a thousand or $1.40 apiece. The cigars were twice the ordinary size.

### TROUBLE WITH THE STRIKERS.

Chicago, June 27.—The Lake Shore Company did not attempt to move a train to-day. It is probable that it will do so to-morrow, however, providing Sheriff Hanchet, who is out of the city, arrives to-night. There is little doubt that the strikers will endeavor to frustrate any effort of the company to lift the embargo. They are determined to make a bitter fight, and are expected to make a serious demonstration before to-morrow night.

TRAVEL STOPPED.

Midnight—All traffic, passenger as well as freight, is blocked by obstructions on the tracks.

### MINING DISASTER.

*Twenty-Four Frenchmen Killed and Sixteen Buried Alive.*

Paris, July 25.—Twenty-four men were killed and 16 entombed alive to-day by an explosion in the colliery at Rochamp, in the Department of the Saone.

### TWENTY-NINE MORE VETOES.

Washington, June 24.—The President to-day sent 29 messages to the house vetoing that number of private pension bills.

The Indian would undoubtedly call Cleveland, Man-not-afraid-to-veto.

### BUSINESS LOCALS.

——Whole pepper ground to order at Murray's drug store. tf

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

——All the best cough drops in the market at Murray's drug store. tf

Kites at Murray's.

Calla Lily flour, full roller process, and guaranteed a superior article, for sale by And. Harter, Millheim. tf

——Tetter, Scrofula and Erysipelas cured for 25 cents. Dr. Smith's Salve. At druggists. No patent remedy.

FOR SALE.—A new two-story house and lot with stable, at Centre Hall station. Apply to F. Kurtz. tf

Blank tax receipts and tax notices to be had at REPORTER office. tf

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, at Centre Hall, on the 13 inst., one ewe and two lambs. The lambs are not docked. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

Jas. B. Strohm.

Jas. Ott, Towm Clerk. jun 30

REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.—Will be offered at private sale, the following described real estate, situate in Harris, twp., Centre co., two miles east of Boalsburg. A Tract of Land containing 39 acres and 40 perches, six acres being good timberland and balance clear. Thereon erected a good two story frame Dwelling House, Good Barn and all necessary outbuildings. A cistern and good well are on the place. Terms reasonable. For further particulars appy to

Wm. Bradford Centre Hall.

### FRENCH'S HOTEL.

City Hall Square, - - New York.

Opposite City Hall and the Post Office.

This Hotel is one of the most complete in its appointments and furniture of ANY HOUSE in New York City and is conducted on the

——EUROPEAN PLAN.——

Rooms only One Dollar per day. Half minute's walk from Brooklyn Bridge and Elevated R. R. All lines of cars pass the door. Most convenient Hotel in New York for Merchants to stop at. Dining Rooms. Cafes and Lunch Counter replete with all the luxuries at moderate prices. jun 1 y

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

S. F. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., proprietors of the great preparation, Keller's Catarrh Remedy, will greatly esteem the favor and appreciate it if persons who are cured will send a postal card giving their address.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES Is more reliable as an agent in the cure of Consumption, Chronic Coughs and Emaciation, than any remedy known to medical science. It is so prepared that the potency of these two most valuable specifics is largely increased. It is also very palatable. jun

### MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14, 1886

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **BUTTER.** | | |
| Creamery, Penn'a, extra | | 16 |
| " Western " | | 14@17 |
| **EGGS.** | | |
| Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz | crates | 13 |
| " " " | bbls | 12½ |
| Western, ex brands " | crates | 12½ |
| **LIVE POULTRY.** | | |
| Fowls, straight, nearby | per lb | 10½ |
| " mixed " | " | 10 |
| " Western, straight | " | 10½ |
| " " mixed | " | 10 |
| Spring Chickens | " 10 | 18 |
| Roosters | " | 6 |
| Ducks, Spring | " | 12 |
| **DRESSED POULTRY.** | | |
| Fowls, extra | per lb | 11 |
| " choice | " | 10½ |
| " scalded | " | 10 |
| Chickens, Spring | " 20 | 25 |
| **LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.** | | |
| Calves, Del & Md, prime | per lb | 6½ |
| " Fair to good | " | 5½ |
| " Common stock | " | 5 |
| Sheep, prime | " | 5 |
| Lambs, extra | $3.00 | 4.50 |
| Live Cattle | " | 6 |
| Hogs, live | " | 6½ |
| Pigs, live | " | 9 |
| **SEEDS.** | | |
| Timothy | per bu 1 90 | 2 00 |
| Clover | per lb 9½ | 10 |
| Flax | per bu | 1 40 |
| **WOOL.** | | |
| Tub-Washed | per lb 28 | 30 |
| Unwashed | " 18 | 29 |
| **FEATHERS.** | | |
| Choice Geese | per lb | 48 |
| Prime " | " 44 | 46 |
| Chicken | " 4 | 5 |
| Turkey, as to quality | " 4 | 5 |
| Duck | " 25 | 30 |
| **HIDES.** | | |
| Hides, Dry | per lb 10 | 11 |
| Calf, Salted | " 10 | 12 |
| Hides, Green, Steer | " 6½ | 7 |
| " " Cow | " | 6 |
| " " Bull | " 4 | 5½ |
| " Salted Steer | " | 9 |
| " " Cow | " | 8 |
| Sheep Skins, per piece | 25 | 1 25 |
| **MISCELLANEOUS.** | | |
| Lard, Country lots, prime | per lb | 6½ |
| Tallow, Solid | " | 4½ |
| " Cake | " | 4½ |
| Honey in Comb | " | 11 |
| Country Soap | " | 4 |

☞Price Current subject to Market Fluctuation


☞ You must now make your money out of the Barn and Poultry yard, with the LEHIGH CATTLE POWDER, to purify the Blood and cleanse the System, thereby prevent and cure disease in Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry.

DUVOY'S HORSE & MULE POWDER, for all diseases of the Blood, Muscles and Nervous System, and save the 37 to 50 per cent. of food lost as indigested, in the ordinary way of feeding.

FARMER'S UNION CATTLE POWDER, in 7 lb. bags, for dairy use; to increase quantity and quality of Milk, Fat, Butter, Flesh and Eggs, and to give nature such ingredients as it needs to yield the largest profits.

DAIRY-MEN'S CATTLE POWDER, (for the same use as the Farmer's Union,) in 5 lb. bags, for 50 Cents per bag.

*GAMBRINUS PULVER, The Liver Remedy,*

*JAPANESE CORN CURE, for Corns and Bunions.*

*UNION ROACH, RAT, MICE and ANT EXTERMINATOR, Never Fails.*

*DAIRY, POULTRY and DOCTOR BOOKS, with Goods Free.*

For sale by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. 9jun6m.


ESTATE OF JONN G. SANKEY, DECEASED. Letters of Administration on the estate of John G. Sankey, late of Potter township, Centre county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Clement Dale, residing in Bellefonte, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

CLEMENT DALE, Administrator.

2jun 6t

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Jacob Wagner, Sr., deceased, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

JACOB WAGNER,
J. H. WAGNER,
Executors, Tusseyville, Pa.

16jun6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Wm. Mulbarger, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

W. J. THOMPSON,
WM. S. MULBARGER,
Adm'r, Potters Mills.

2jun6t

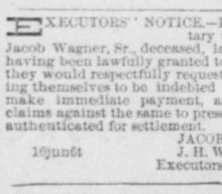
ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Wm. Bloom, deceased, late of Ferguson twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

M. L. RISHEL, Adm'r.
Farmers Mills, Pa.

2jun6t

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.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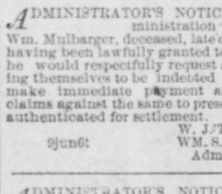

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